5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

105 the still morning air. Everywhere the women are busy,
512 carrying water and wood, and preparing the simple meal.
[515] And now we see the men come out, and start for the river. Some are followed by their children; some are even carrying those too small to walk. They have reached the water's edge. Off drop their blankets, and with a plunge and a shivering *ah-h-h* they dash into the icy waters. Winter and
[147] summer, storm or shine, this was their daily custom. They said it made them tough and healthy, and enabled them to endure the bitter cold while hunting on the bare bleak
[264] prairie. By the time they have returned to the lodges, the
[252] women have prepared the early meal. A dish of boiled
[262] meat — some three or four pounds — is set before each man; the children are served as much as they can eat, and the wives take the rest. The horses are now seen coming in, hundreds and thousands of them, driven by boys and
[224] young men who started out after them at daylight. If
[462] buffalo are close at hand, and it has been decided to make a run, each hunter catches his favorite buffalo horse, and they all start out together; they are followed by women, on the travois or pack horses, who will do most of the butchering, and transport the meat and hides to camp. If there is no
[224] band of buffalo near by, they go off, singly or by twos and threes, to still-hunt scattering buffalo, or deer, or elk, or
[462] such other game as may be found. The women remaining in camp are not idle. All day long they tan robes, dry meat, sew moccasins, and perform a thousand and one other
[302] tasks. The young men who have stayed at home carefully
[832] comb and braid their hair, paint their faces, and, if the weather is pleasant, ride or walk around the camp so that the young women may look at them and see how pretty they are.

● 514 Feasting began early in the morning, and will be carried
105 on far into the night. A man who gives a feast has his
512 wives cook the choicest food they have, and when all is

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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ready, he goes outside the lodge and shouts the invitation, calling out each guest's name three times, saying that he is invited to eat, and concludes by announcing that a certain number of pipes — generally three — will be smoked. The guests having assembled, each one is served with a dish of food. Be the quantity large or small, it is all that he will get. If he does not eat it all, he may carry home what remains. The host does not eat with his guests. He cuts up some tobacco, and carefully mixes it with *l'herbe*, and when all have finished eating, he fills and lights a pipe, which is smoked and passed from one to another, beginning with the first man on his left. When the last person on the left of the host has smoked, the pipe is passed back around the circle to the one on the right of the door, and smoked to the left again. The guests do not all talk at once. When a person begins to speak, he expects every one to listen, and is never interrupted. During the day the topics for conversation are about the hunting, war, stories of strange adventures, besides a good deal of good-natured joking and chaffing. When the third and last pipeful of tobacco has been smoked, the host ostentatiously knocks out the ashes and says "*Kyi*," whereupon all the guests rise and file out. Seldom a day passed but each lodge-owner in camp gave from one to three feasts. In fact almost all a man did, when in camp, was to go from one of these gatherings to another.

A favorite pastime in the day was gambling with a small wheel called *it-se'-wah*. This wheel was about four inches in diameter, and had five spokes, on which were strung different-colored beads, made of bone or horn. A level, smooth piece of ground was selected, at each end of which was placed a log. At each end of the course were two men, who gambled against each other. A crowd always surrounded them, betting on the sides. The wheel was rolled along the course, and each man at the end whence it started, darted an arrow at it. The cast was made just before the

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

monies in which visiting dignitaries were given an Indian name and adopted, symbolically, into the Blackfeet tribe. If any family conducted a memorial service for a deceased relative, or staged a give-away to honor visitors, he was called upon to be the crier. As crier he announced the import of the ceremony, led in chanting the proper song, or cried out the occasion for the give-away and called out the names of those to be honored with a gift.

In years past he had been employed by the Great Northern Railway as an official greeter of tourists arriving by train at Glacier Park, and as an entertainer at the inns within the Park where he and his friends staged Indian dances for the tourists.

Buffalo Heart, with others of his peers, had a place on the Honorary Tribal Council, and was given a small per diem for attendance at tribal council meetings. He was often chosen to accompany council members on trips to Washington, D.C. for the purpose of lobbying for or against proposed legislation which would affect Indians. In his regalia he furnished a bit of Indian color, as well as advice, to the proceedings.

Buffalo Heart and his fellow members of the Honorary Council felt that they represented the voice of the full-blood portion of the tribe and took every occasion to make long speeches in Blackfeet, urging harmony and trust, and asking for more attention to the needs of the people. But people paid little attention to the speeches; instead they talked, moved about, and impatiently filled in time until the Honorary Councilmen had had their say. On several occasions councilmen told the interpreter: "Tell him to make it short." The people in general felt some pride in their old-timers, but mixed this with a feeling of impatience and bare tolerance when the chiefs seemed to be taking themselves too seriously.

Buffalo Heart, and the others like him, usually lived among clusters of full-bloods in the more run-down areas of town, in small outlying communities, or, in a few cases, in more remote areas of the reservation. Buffalo Heart lived in a small two-room shack on Moccasin Flat, an area of shacks and cabins without sewer or water service, on the edge of Browning. The houses immediately surrounding his were occupied by some of his kin—a married son and his family, two married daughters and their families, and the family group of his brother.

The old man's home was the center for Indian gatherings. Here he and his friends conducted the religious rituals, bundle openings, and other ceremonies they wished to celebrate. Those who were singers would gather here occasionally for a song service—a meeting where they would drum and sing old and new songs. Buffalo Heart served as a tie to the old days, a source of information on lore and ritual, and an available medicine man for those who wished an Indian cure. The younger members of his family might participate in these functions, but usually just watched with a respectful air. As one family member said: "You join in even if you don't believe—it's part of the old Indian ways."

Buffalo Heart, however, was more than a man of the past. He was a medicine man and conducted curing ceremonies, yet he and those whom he had cured more often availed themselves of the services of the local doctors and hospital. Buffalo Heart was known as a Catholic and attended church occasionally, yet he was also considered to be a repository for, and a leader in, the present-day

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 4]

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

were open equally to all according to one's energy and ability. Tribes, bands, and even families might have their favorite and usual area within which to hunt, but these ties to a territory were unrelated to ideas of ownership of land, game or plants. Once labor had been expended, however—an animal killed, a horse stolen, a plant gathered, a stick or stone picked up, or a dream dreamed—the product was imbued with value and became personal property.

It is possible to separate food from other types of property because it was not owned by individuals in the same way as were other goods. Food "belonged" to the collector but was put in charge of the women of the collector's own or adopted family upon return to camp. Food then belonged to the family, yet even this title was clouded by a series of social obligations. A hunter was obliged to share with anyone who had helped him in the kill, with the man whose horse he had borrowed, or with the man from whom he had obtained hunting power. He was expected to provide some part of the meat for the sick or disabled, and he also might have had obligations to some of his in-laws. The family used what remained. In times of famine these rules were set aside and food became band property to be shared by all. Food had additional uses, both ceremonial and social—feasts were an important part of many rituals, to be described later, and as part of the everyday social life of the men, as noted above.

Horses and other goods were individually owned by men, women or children. Personal dreams, experiences, exploits, and the symbols of these were also personal property and all could be transferred—sold, exchanged, given, or loaned, in whole or in part—by one person to another. These other goods appear to have been free of forced sharing in times of scarcity. The rule appears to have been that none should starve, but other needs of the poor had to be met by appeals to the generosity of those who had more. The unfortunate were cared for but usually given worn or castoff clothing, tepee covers, tools, robes, and so on, rarely things of much value.

Goods other than food were used by their owners or were used as exchange goods. Exchange might be for economic reasons, as when a man gave a horse to a medicine man for a cure, or to get a charm to insure success in horse stealing, war, or other endeavor. Goods might be given in exchange for the supernatural power of another. One kind of property could be used to purchase another, for example, furs and guns for horses, or horses for tepee covers. Another type of transfer was for ritual reasons, as when goods were offered to the sun in the Sun Dance, to ghosts or other spirit forces in propitiation, petition, or thanksgiving. Here too could be classified the practice of placing some of the property of a deceased with his body in order that he might have the use of such things in the next world.

A third use, more difficult to classify, would be the exchange of property in gambling. The Blackfeet were avid gamblers and some on occasion were known to have gambled away all their possessions.

The fourth use of property was its transfer, by gift or exchange, in order to gain increased prestige and status. Among the Blackfeet property was accumulated and wealth created, to be used for the demonstration of generosity. A man secured horses and other goods in order to give them away. He loaned a horse to another hunter, in part to share in the meat, in part to create an obligation for

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

point here is that these powers and their symbols were subject to the same controls as any other property. A man, therefore, incurred both rights and obligations with the attainment of power. He was expected to be generous with it, but at the same time he expected to be paid in goods or prestige for the help he gave.

The Blackfeet believed that the possession of a guardian spirit and power were important for success, so such powers and the bundles that represented them were highly valued. Not all men were successful in their vision quest, but this was not held against them. They were just unlucky. Neither they nor anyone else expected much of them, however, and they could hardly advance in prestige without some successes. Such men might be motivated to gain property to enable them to purchase power from someone who had had the experience, and men with power often sought to transfer it because it was a restricted and often burdensome property. As with other kinds of property, the bundle owner was expected to be generous with his power. Bundles had to be opened periodically, and the owner had to provide a feast for invited guests as a part of the ritual. In addition, the bundle owner had to observe a number of taboos associated with each bundle—it had to be displayed properly, no one should walk between the bundle and its owner, and numerous restrictions were put on the owner's behavior. Some men owned several bundles, but whether one or many, some owners found the responsibilities, expenses and taboos too burdensome and sought buyers for their power.

Values and Status

Perhaps, as already indicated, one of the most persistent themes of Blackfeet life was the high value put on individual prestige, a value that operated through and maintained a status structure. This was not a true class society with easily recognized social divisions, but a structure of status positions, each shading into a higher one. The high status people were distinguished readily from those of low status, but the separations along the line might be imperceptible.[8] The whole system was an expression of Blackfeet values, and the highest status was achieved by the man who best represented these ideals.

The major characteristics valued by the Blackfeet and by which men were judged appear to have been bravery, generosity, wisdom, and skill; these were displayed in warfare, horse raiding, hunting, religious knowledge and the acquisition of property for use in the service of others.

It is difficult to establish a hierarchy of the importance of these different attributes. Bravery and generosity appear to have been essential. The ethnographers differ in their ordering of exploits by which a reputation for bravery was established, but all agree that war honors were ranked, and that the killing and scalping of an enemy ranked below the more dangerous feats of successfully wresting the weapons from an enemy and escaping without injury, or stealing into the center

[8] Ewers believes that social classes were forming in the late 1880s under the influence of horse ownership. A small rich class, a numerous middle class, and a number of poor were recognized, grounded in respect for individual rights and property rights (Ewers 1955:240–244).

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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latter ceremony, the War Mothers and families of veterans who had died in action.

The Air Force ceremony struck several of us as a test of the time sense of two cultures. Two Air Force generals were to be honored by being given a Blackfeet name and honorary membership in the Blackfeet tribe. The ritual called for a speech by an elderly chief at the conclusion of which he would pronounce the name he was giving the general, and place a war bonnet on the head of the newly adopted tribesman. A second chief would then make the bestowal to the other general. Air Force plans called for a jet plane fly-over as the war bonnet was put on the head of the senior officer. Four members of the Honorary Council, the master of ceremonies and an interpreter, dressed in Indian regalia, stood in an informal group at one side awaiting the beginning of the ceremonies, while to the other an Air Force contingent consisting of the two generals, fifteen full colonels and a captain, and a color guard of a sergeant and five enlisted men, were drawn up in formation. There was much synchronizing of watches on the military side, a relaxed unconcerned waiting on the part of the Blackfeet. The jets were evidently airborne somewhere over the horizon; if there was radio communication between the planes and the group on the ground, I did not see it.

The ceremony began. Air Force participation could be and was done according to a planned time sequence, but no one could predict how long one of the chiefs might choose to speak. Yet even as I was figuring the odds on outcome, the old chief concluded his speech and pronounced the name, the interpreter translated it, the war bonnet went up and the jets came over the horizon, over the group on the ground and out of sight in the direction of Great Falls. Someone, I will never know who, had good medicine.

The War Memorial dedication was a concern of local people and brought together an audience of families of veterans and tribal dignitaries. It marked the success of a drive begun many years earlier by the War Mothers (mothers of war veterans) to raise money for such a memorial, so commemorated too their persistence and hard work. A procession of tribal leaders, some in Indian regalia, the American Legion Color Guard, the Boy Scouts, and the War Mothers was followed by speeches from the Gold Star Mothers and the unveiling of the pylon shaped monument upon which was mounted a bronze plaque inscribed with the names of tribal members who had been killed in action in U.S. wars. Later in the day the War Mothers staged a give-away ceremony in memory of these war dead.

Indian-Oriented Social Occasions

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The social occasions where most of the participants and spectators are people of Indian orientation include several public, semiprivate and private gatherings. Some are formal occasions while others are informal in their organization. Formal public occasions include the North American Indian Days celebrations at Browning, a Sun Dance held in conjunction with one of these, and periodically scheduled Indian dances. Horse races and stick game gatherings in the outlying communities are frequent forms of public entertainment organized on a less formal basis. The private and semiprivate gatherings are those to which attendance

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

is invited, tacitly or directly, and some of the formal occasions for such congregation are medicine bundle openings, curing ceremonies, song services, and private parties. House to house visiting, gatherings of families and friends, the visiting grouping at the formal public activities, in office buildings and stores, and street corner visiting are kinds of informal private interaction.

The Indian Days celebrations are annual affairs sponsored by the reservation community. The tribal council makes an appropriation to underwrite the celebration, and local businessmen make cash contributions or put up prizes for competitive events. The four day celebration, held in late June or early July, is a reenactment of the traditional Blackfeet summer encampment and advertised widely as a tourist attraction. Families who own tepees are encouraged to pitch them on the encampment grounds and to camp there with their families. Indians from other reservations are invited, resulting in a camp circle of fifty or more tepees formed by local people, visitors from the Canadian Reserves—Blood, North Piegan, Blackfoot and Cree—and from surrounding United States Indian communities—Warm Springs, Yakima, Umatilla, Crow, Gros Ventre, Cheyenne, Assiniboine, Flathead, and Cree, among others. Sleeping and cooking tents are erected behind the tepee circle and upwards of seven hundred people live on the grounds during the encampment. Each family camping on the grounds is paid a cash allowance toward their maintenance and shares in a daily meat or food ration.

The formal program opens with a parade through the main street of Browning and out to the encampment grounds near the Museum of the Plains Indian, a half mile west of town. A regular program of Indian dancing to the accompaniment of singing and drumming by local and visiting singing groups is scheduled each afternoon, and continues long into the evening if the weather permits.

The dancing sessions are interrupted frequently by both planned and unplanned intermission activities—special dance contests, games, and "give-aways." Some of the last mentioned gift giving ceremonies are sponsored by the Indian Days Committee to honor and give gifts to invited guests from other tribes. Others are put on by individuals and families who wish—and are expected—to give gifts in remembrance of a deceased relative, to give a new and significant Indian name to a child in a public naming ceremony, or to honor some other person by a display of generosity in his name. The person to be honored and his family form a procession and pass four times around the dance arena as the singers drum and sing a favored song. A similar procession is formed for the memorial give-away, and a close relative carries a photograph of the deceased relative. Increasingly distant relatives join the procession with each turn. Quantities of gifts are brought in and at the conclusion of the processional, a crier acting for the family calls out the names of those to be given gifts. Occasionally a tepee with furnishings is given, sometimes horses, more usually blankets, cigarettes, and cash make up the gifts.

Another almost regularly occurring part of the program is a ceremony in which distinguished visitors are adopted into the Blackfeet Tribe. These people are given an Indian name and a war bonnet, or other tokens of their new status, by an honored elder. In 1960, Indian Days coincided with the U.S. Governors

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Conference at Many Glaciers Lodge in Glacier National Park. Six of the governors who visited the encampment were honored by adoption and given names, and the Governor of Virginia was selected to respond for the others. He began by remarking that the people of Virginia felt a special and warm regard for the Indians. "If it had not been for the help of the Indians the Jamestown settlement would not have survived that first winter." A Blackfeet standing beside me gave me a dig in the ribs with his elbow and said, "that's the day we lost the war."

The encampment also provides the opportunity for other forms of social expression. Medicine bundles are opened with attendant prayers, dances, and face-painting. Men may be "captured" to become members of the Dog society, an honor that must be paid for in goods or cash. People visit from tepee to tepee, drink coffee, eat, and talk. Sometimes one or more of the elderly Indian-oriented leaders will provide a lunch of boiled beef, bread, salad, doughnuts, cookies, cake, and coffee to all who wish to come.

By midafternoon a stick game or two gets under way near one of the concesion booths behind the tent area and usually continues until dawn. Sometimes known as the "hand game," this is a popular and widely known Indian gambling game. All that is required is space, two poles, planks, or timbers placed about three feet apart, parallel to each other, two "bones," or short wooden cylinders about ½ inch in diameter and two inches long, one banded and the other plain, and some plain sticks about ten to twelve inches long, usually ten to a side to use as markers. Two teams line up facing each other behind each pole. One person starts the game by intently shuffling, showing, and after many flourishes hiding the bones, one in each hand. His team chants and drums with sticks on the pole in front of them to give him support and to confuse the opposition during the hiding. Finally he extends his hands so that one of the players on the other side can choose by one of several signs which hand holds the unmarked bone. If the "guesser" fails to choose correctly, his side forfeits one of their marker sticks and the "hider" tries again; if he guesses correctly, the bones and roles change sides. The game is over when one side wins all of the marker sticks. Bets between individuals, both participants and onlookers, are placed before the game begins and other bets are made frequently on the results of individual guesses. There are many variations in the procedure that I have not mastered. A bettor gets a lot of action for his money whether he fully understands what is happening or not. The drumming, chanting, joking, as well as the strain of waiting for the outcome of a game in which large sums of money are at stake, contribute to an exciting time.

People spend the rest of the time during the encampment doing the necessary chores of camp living and enjoying the pastimes appropriate to sex and age—the children play games, older people work on costumes, play blackjack, visit, loaf, or go into town.

In spite of this being a community enterprise with fairly large crowds that are attracted to it, the people in relatively continuous attendance are the Indian-oriented. The people who camp on the grounds and participate in the festivities include and appear to be like the men I interviewed and classed as Indian-oriented. In retrospect, I would sort the onlookers into four categories: (a) Indian-oriented spectators from many parts of the reservation who spend much time on

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

for playing the stick game as well as pool and cards was a regular gathering place for the people of Heart Butte until it burned down a few years ago. The weekly stick games have moved to a new location on Badger Creek.

The horse races attract some white-oriented horse fans, but the majority of the crowd is Indian-oriented. Races are occasions for Indian rivalry and above all to enjoy each other's company. The stick games have a regular but more limited following and with few exceptions, players and observers are Indian-oriented.

Song services are meetings of the singing groups and serve both as practice sessions and as forms of social gathering for the people involved. The sessions are usually held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen and friends—young and old, men and women—attend and the evening is spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The sessions break up at the discretion of the singers and may be followed by a late supper.

Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant and newspaper reports) are religious rituals to which guests are invited. The reports indicate that those in attendance are always people of Indian-orientation. Some are believers and others are sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants' families. The activities on these occasions are determined by the ritual of the particular bundle or cure, but involve singing, drumming, prayers and some dancing by selected participants. The owner of the bundle regularly paints the faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held at Starr School was described by one of the neighbors:

> The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the many people of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to certain songs. The bundle was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides. The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter for "speed," the ermine for "beauty," the swan for "grace" and the little birds for their endurance of the cold in the winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a most graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground, Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs. Fish, Annie Old Person, Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with sticks in their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a monstrous amount of energy was put into the dancing and singing. A delicious berry soup, boiled meat, fried bread and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of the dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small deer hooves and punches a man in the crowd and it goes on until everyone is dancing. It was a most enjoyable occasion for a grand time was had by all (*Glacier Reporter*, October 12, 1961:6).

This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people conducting an Indian ceremony. Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

541 in by bus; children from Starr School and other nearby neighborhoods came in cars driven by a teacher or parent to join in the search with the youngsters of Browning.

Members of the Browning Youth Club and the American Legion had distributed quantities of eggs, which had been boiled and colored by school children, in the furrows and stubble of the forty acre field. Some of the eggs were marked and cash awards were given to the finders of the special eggs. Prizes, donated by service clubs and local merchants, were given also for the most eggs collected by one child and to the runners-up.

541 177 This was a large area and people arrived at irregular intervals. Many watched from their cars, others moved about the periphery of the field, making an accurate count of the adults difficult, but it was apparent that the majority of those present were white and white-oriented people. Indian-oriented parents were few and even the Indian-oriented political leaders were absent.

541 The Fishing Derbies I witnessed drew a much smaller crowd, approximately two hundred children and sixty adults. The contests are held at a small lake adjacent to U.S. Route 2 a few miles southwest of Browning. The children fish along the shore, while the parents help with putting on bait and removing the fish that are caught. They cheer the children on, visit with each other, set up picnics, and [177] eat. Everybody has a good time when a Fishing Derby is sponsored. An estimated third of the children taking part in these contests were from Indian-oriented families, yet only four or five Indian-oriented adults were in attendance.

575 542 177 In the realm of semiprivate interaction are included civic club meetings and bowling tournaments. The informants and the newspaper reports indicate an almost completely white-oriented participation in these activities.

575 177 Civic club membership is selective and based upon business, school, or political leadership. The selection factors are many and complex but it is clear that very few Indian-oriented people belong to these organizations—these are areas of predominantly white-oriented interaction.

542 177 177 574 Newspaper reports indicate that selective factors operate to maintain a predominantly white and white-oriented participation, particularly in team and tournament play, at the bowling alley. Factors of social selection also work in private gatherings and visiting patterns between families and friends. The bonds of kinship draw some of the Indian-oriented into the visiting patterns of white-oriented people, but these occasions are infrequent. Economic and status factors also appear to be important determinants of Indian-oriented participation in private activities.

Other Social Expressions of Orientation

563 177 The social division of the community that I am describing is given overt, but inexact, recognition by the use of the labels—"mixed-blood" and "full-blood." These "racial" stereotypes are used in many contexts but in most cases point up a division in culture that is only partially related to the number of Indian ancestors of any individual.

Ewers remarked on the rapid hybridization of the tribe and the decreasing

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

over the Rockies to the old enemies of the Blackfoot tribes. But the Piegans still could boast that they had never murdered a Canadian trader.[47]

The Piegans must have realized how they had prospered since the traders came among them. Their lives had become infinitely richer than those of their stone-age great-grandfathers. Part of their prosperity resulted from their acquisition of swift horses from neighboring tribes. Horses greatly eased their daily tasks of obtaining food and skins and of moving camps, and enabled them to accumulate more possessions. Part of their prosperity was due to the improved weapons, tools, and utensils obtained from the traders. Some of the traders' wares replaced items the Indians formerly made for themselves with time-consuming care. Metal knives, files, and awls enabled them to fashion articles of rawhide, soft skin, stone, and wood quicker than they could have made them with stone and bone tools. The Indians gained more leisure. They could devote more time to warfare, to accumulating wealth in horses through raids on enemy camps, to prolonged religious ceremonies, to social gatherings, and to feasting. They grew strong and confident as they extended their conquests and expanded their territory. Neighboring Indians and whites alike recognized them as the dominant military power on the northwestern plains. Woe to those who incited their hostility!

At the same time Napikwan had gained a precarious foothold in the Blackfoot country. His wonders were subtly undermining the Indians' vaunted independence, even as the Blackfeet boasted of their power and prowess. The Indians were becoming more and more dependent upon him as they came to regard as necessities those traders' wares which they could not make themselves.

[47] *Ibid.*, II, 719-23.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

796 755 [276] stone bowl from the leader's bundle (pl. 16, *B*, *c*)[A]. Meanwhile the woman who had cut the tongues painted three stripes of red paint on the inside of a large kettle and placed the tongues in it, making two feints toward the kettle with the first handful of meat before dropping it in the kettle. Water was added and the kettle was placed on the stove to boil.

The leader then drew from his bundle a little rawhide cutout figure of a horse in profile, 6½ inches long (pl. 16, *B*, *a*)[A]. He placed it on the earth south of the rectangular altar. He gave his second assistant a red-painted rock about the size of a fist, which the man carried to the front door of the house, made two passes at the door frame, then hit it with a resounding rap with the rock, and returned to his place. Night Gun said this was a caution to the horse medicine men never to fall over or bump a rock.

796 755 782 533 There followed praying, singing, and drumming by the horse medicine men. This was the most prolonged portion of the ritual. First the leader offered a prayer to the spirit of the rawhide horse, then sang three of his ritual songs, accompanied by the beating of three drums held by himself and the two members of the cult nearest him on the left. When he had finished he passed his drum to the man on his left who in turn gave a prayer and sang three medicine songs owned by him. This combination of praying, drumming, and singing was continued until each cult member had performed individually. Then the entire cycle was continued twice more, until each member had sung his three songs three times. Night Gun said that if one of the singers was a new member who possessed only one song he was privileged to sing it three times each cycle. Meanwhile he tried to learn another song, which he might later purchase, by listening carefully to the others. The leader might loan a fellow member one of his songs for a particular ceremony, but it "went back to the bundle" when the ceremony ended. Men who had owned the same song as one being sung by another were permitted to join in the singing. The wives of some of the male singers also joined their husbands, singing softly from their stations near the center of the floor. The songs were wordless tunes in which the same stanzas were repeated many times. Some singers inserted a prayer between each song.

[574] [262] At the conclusion of this ritual[B] a meal was served to all persons present. It consisted of bread, crackers, boiled ribs, and coffee. It was then well past midnight. There followed a second session of singing, by the cult members, and after a brief rest, a third session. These were exact duplicates of the session described in detail above. In each of the three sessions each member sang three songs on each of three passings of the drums.

A [See category 778, p. 358-0--Analyst]

B [i.e., the ceremony of the horse medicine cult--Analyst]

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

578 matter whether residence was patrilocal or matrilocal, it was customary for
591 a young married couple to have their own tipi. Today, married children, because of the considerable expense and labor involved in building or buying a modern permanent dwelling, frequently bring their spouses into their parents' home. The arrangement inevitably increases the possibility of
[606] discord. If residence is matrilocal, the situation is further complicated by
[178] the traditional mother-in-law "avoidance." Some sons-in-law have ceased to observe this taboo either because it is inconvenient or "old-fashioned." While such a breakdown in restraint may lead to a better understanding between a man and his wife's mother, it may as easily lead to a more overt expression of hostility.

Distant Relatives and Friends

602 Where close familial bonds are so brittle, little can be expected from distant relatives. Henry Arrow-maker, owner of considerable grazing land but no cattle, is on government relief. He spoke eagerly of his rich relative, Bob Double Man, the successful cattle herder. He told of friendly conversations as they met casually in Cardston each week, but only during the summer as he went to and from the beet fields did he stay at Bob's house. The gifts received were nominal indeed: board and lodging for a few days.
574 Such qualities as hospitality and generosity are still stressed as desirables
[577] and even "musts" in the society, but since success depends little upon them, they receive more lip service than support. Friends and relatives still extend a cordial invitation, but the welcome quickly cools. With the best of will, the Curtises invited the Sloanes to stay with them and work with us. Within a few days, although the Sloanes paid board and brought presents, Julia Curtis was complaining of the extra work and maneuvering their early departure. Again, at the Sun dance, she complained that none of the guests who dropped in for meals gave her any assistance: "People expect everything these days," she added.

VI. Biographical Sketches

121 Brief and few though the following sketches are, they reveal in a different
159 way, if not completely, the range of personality types among the Blood, the degree of adaptation to a changing society, and the varying responses to status.

The Men

159 Head Chief. Blanket Man, fifty-six, came of a line of head chiefs. His grandfather was the old chief, Red Crow, who had signed the treaty of 1877. His father, Crop-eared Wolf, succeeded to the chieftaincy. Blanket Man

Falls, one to Kalispell, Montanta, two to Glasgow, Montana (one via Dallas, Texas), and one to Minnesota.

Ten of the nineteen families are independent nuclear, three grandparent-grandchild, two head families and two dependent nuclear, one conjugal pair, and one single person non-family.

I learned that seven new households were established in and near Heart Butte (representing ten families). Thus there is a net loss of eight households in the sampled area, or twelve per cent. Among the newcomers to come into Heart Butte proper, four came from Browning and three from other rural areas outside of Heart Butte (Birch Creek, Badger Creek). The general population shift is from less populated to more populated areas. Of the 26 households in my total rural sample that changed residence location, thirteen moved to Browning, five moved from one to another location within Heart Butte proper, five to towns near the reservation (Kalispell and Glasgow, Montana), two from outlying rural areas into Heart Butte, and one shifted from Heart Butte to Cut Bank, Montana, and back to Heart Butte.

Generally movements are from less to more populated regions, although there are some reverse shifts as I have mentioned. I also note that only one family moved out of Montana permanently. All others remain fairly close to the reservation and they plan to return for the annual Indian Days celebration and more importantly to visit kin and friends who remain on the reservation. Those who move to more populated areas are motivated chiefly by a desire to secure employment, but some move to be near kin or non-kin for economic aid or to be near schools

177 184 571 included public, semiprivate and private gatherings. Some were formal occasions while others were informal in their organization. Formal public occasions include the North American Indian Days Celebrations at Browning, a Sun Dance held in conjunction with one of these, and periodic Indian dances. Horse races and stick game gatherings in the outlying communities were frequent public entertainment organized on a less formal basis. The private and semiprivate gatherings are those to which attendance is invited, tacitly or directly, and some of the formal occasions for such congregation would be medicine bundle openings, curing ceremonies, song services and private parties. House to house visiting, gatherings of families and friends, and the visiting grouping at the formal public activities, in office buildings and stores, and street corner visiting are called informal private interaction.

<u>North American Indian Days Celebrations</u>

177 184 541 The Indian Days celebrations are annual affairs sponsored by the reservation community. The Tribal Council makes an appropriation to underwrite the celebration, and local businessmen make cash contributions or put up prizes for competitive events. The four day celebration, a re-enactment of the traditional Blackfeet summer encampment, is advertised widely as a tourist attraction. Families who own tepees are encouraged to pitch them on the encampment grounds [574] and to camp there with their families. Indians from other reservations are invited resulting in a camp circle of fifty or more tepees formed by local people, visitors from the Canadian Reserves--Blood, North Piegan, Blackfeet and Cree--and from surrounding United States Indian

177 communities--Warm Springs, Yakima, Umatilla, Crow, Gros Ventre,
184 Cheyenne, Assiniboine, Mandan, Flathead and Cree, among others.
541 Sleeping and cooking tents are erected behind the tepee circle and
[574] upwards of seven hundred people will be living on the grounds during the encampment. Each family camping on the grounds is paid a cash allowance toward their maintenance and shares in a daily meat or food ration.

The formal program opens with a parade through the main street of Browning and out to the encampment grounds near the Museum of the
[535] Plains Indian, one-half mile west of town. A regular program of Indian
[533] dancing to the accompaniment of singing and drumming by local and visiting singing groups is scheduled each afternoon, and occasionally continues during the evening if the weather permits.

The dancing sessions are interrupted frequently by both planned and unplanned intermission activities--special dance contests, games,
[431] and "give-aways." Some of the last mentioned gift giving ceremonies are sponsored by the Indian Days Committee to honor and give gifts
[553] to invited guests from other tribes. Others are put on by individuals
[556] and families who wish, and are expected, to give gifts in remembrance
[554] of a deceased relative, to give a new and significant Indian name to a child in a public naming ceremony, or to honor some other person by a
[533] display of generosity in his name. At the 1959 celebration two Chiefs had the singers sing their respective power songs and then gave gifts to friends and visitors.

[648] Another almost regularly occurring part of the program is a ceremony in which distinguished visitors are adopted into the Blackfeet

177 tribe. These people are given an Indian name and a war bonnet, or
184 other token of their new status, by an honored elder.
541
[648] The encampment also provides the opportunity for other forms
[574] of social expression. People visit from tepee to tepee, drink coffee, eat and talk. By mid-afternoon a stick game or two gets under way near one of the concession booths behind the tent circle and usually continues until dawn. Other periods of time are spent doing the chores of camp living and in the pastimes appropriate to sex and age--the children play games, older people work on costumes, play blackjack, visit, loaf, or go into town.

In spite of this being a community enterprise, and the fairly large crowds that are attracted to it, the people in relatively continuous attendance are the Indian-oriented. The people who camp on the grounds and participate in the festivities are those identified as Indian-oriented. The onlookers can be sorted quickly into four categories: (a) Indian-oriented spectators from many parts of the reservation who spend much time on the grounds and can be seen in attendance day after day, (b) a number of people recognized as of white-orientation who make a brief appearance, spend an hour or two watching the proceedings and then leave, (c) a few white-oriented people, who because of special community roles and interests have reason to be in attendance more frequently, and (d) a changing tourist attendance of twenty-five to one hundred persons who spend varying amounts of time enjoying the spectacle.

Sun Dance

177 The last Sun Dance (1959) was held in conjunction with that
184 year's Indian Days. The religious ceremonies were held on the
796

184 177 796 778 [825] [535] [264] [237] for "speed," the ermine for "beauty," the swan for "grace" and the little birds for their endurance of the cold in the winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a most graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground, Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs. Fish, Annie Old Person, Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with sticks in their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a monstrous amount of energy was put into the dancing and singing. A delicious berry soup, boiled meat, fried bread and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of the dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small deer hooves and punches a man in the crowd and it goes on until everyone is dancing. It was a most enjoyable occasion for a grand time was had by all.[173]

This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community, but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people conducting an Indian ceremony. Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most enjoyable occasion," a social gathering of people who shared interests in aspects of Indian culture.

Visiting

184 177 574 The social grouping of Indian-oriented people gains further support from observations of informal clustering. At the Indian Days encampment, and at the social dances in particular, it was relatively easy to watch for the Indian-oriented people and to notice with whom they spent their time in informal groupings--visiting, chatting, watching and relaxing. The range of Indian-oriented people was expanded by

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[173] "Starr School News," The Glacier Reporter, Browning, Montana, Vol. 31, No. 34, October 12, 1961, p. 6.

observing these people, and meeting and talking to some of them. Most of such visiting was with people of similar orientation with only occasional mixing among men of differing orientations. Other observations and reports further support these conclusions. Visits to homes, reported visiting among families and friends, and observations of grouping on other occasions reinforced the pattern.

Perhaps the most visible visiting pattern for the Indian-oriented people is the very regular daily congregation in sidewalk groups. From late spring to mid-autumn as many as eighty people can be seen standing or sitting at fairly predictable locations around the town. The location is determined by people's inclinations and by the requirements of sun, shade, or shelter from the wind. People pass many hours a day, visiting and watching the passers-by. White-oriented men are on the street but stop for only short periods of time and then move on, but the Indian-oriented man and his friends make this a major avocation.

If the weather is bad the visitors form smaller groups and move into the nearby buildings for shorter periods of time. Most of the men, if asked or if they happen to volunteer the information, have a reason for being there. They are available if someone should be looking for a hired hand; they are waiting for the mail, or keeping an appointment. Sometimes this is true, but a comparison of the time spent with the chores accomplished strongly indicates that visiting with friends, and watching the town activities with them, are the important objectives.

177 Economic factors help to make this possible. There is little
184 else to do between infrequent jobs, and money is scarce. Some people
574 will move into the bars when they have money, but there is a limit upon how much time and money can be spent there. Others have no interest in the bars anyway. So men and women pass the time with the street corner groups or wander off to continue visiting in cars or at one another's homes.

177 Indian-oriented people appear to spend more time in social
184 interaction with people of similar orientation than with others. It
571 was to be expected from the way Indian orientation was defined, that people of this category would participate in the social activities that have been described. An examination of the limited participation by these people in other reservation social activities makes the social unity of this group more apparent.

Social Occasions Where
Attendance is Largely White-Oriented

The areas of predominantly white-oriented interaction are again both public and private. The public social gatherings that were observed most frequently centered around school and civic service themes and included P.T.A. meetings, school programs, commencement exercises, Youth Club activities, children's Fishing Derbies, and an annual Easter Egg Hunt. Other activities, such as bowling tournaments and civic club meetings, are of a semi-private nature in that there is selective membership. The private occasions, as with the Indian-oriented group, would include parties, picnics, and visiting.

14: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1960) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

177 small lake adjacent to Highway No. 2 a few miles southwest of Browning.
184 An estimated one-third of the children taking part in these fishing
541 contests were from Indian-oriented families, yet only four or five Indian-oriented adults were in attendance.

SemiPrivate and Private Interaction

177 In the realm of semiprivate interaction are included civic
184 club meetings and bowling tournaments. The informants and the newspaper reports indicate an almost complete white-oriented participation in these activities.

[515] Civic club membership is selective and based upon business, school or political leadership. The selection factors in operation are many and complex but it is clear that very few Indian-oriented people belong to these organizations; that these are areas of predominantly white-oriented interaction.

[526] The bowling alley was completed after the field work was
[529] finished, so the conclusions about its use are based on newspaper reports.[175] They indicate that selective factors operate to maintain a predominant white and white-oriented participation, particularly in team and tournament play.

[574] Factors of social selection also work in private gatherings and visiting patterns between families and friends. The bonds of kinship draw some of the Indian-oriented into the visiting patterns of white-oriented people, but these occasions are infrequent. Economic and

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[175] Bowling news in The Glacier Reporter, op. cit., beginning with Vol. 30, No. 31, October 6, 1960, p. 6, and subsequent issues.

177 184 574 status factors also appear to be important determinants of Indian-oriented participation in private activities.

Social Distance

186 563 The social division of the community is given overt, but inexact, recognition by the use of the verbal labels--"mixed-blood" and "full-blood." These "racial" stereotypes are used in many contexts but in most cases point up a division in culture that is only partially related to the number of Indian ancestors of any individual.

[141] Evers remarks on the rapid hybridization of the tribe and the decreasing numbers of full-bloods, and he notes the tendency for the latter to consider themselves to be "the real Blackfoot Indians--the true descendants of the great warriors and wise leaders of old and the preservers of all that is left of Blackfoot Indian culture."[176] According to the stereotype, the full-blood is conservative and the [551] mixed-blood progressive. The surnames of the people still further label the difference--an English, French or American name implies mixed genetic heritage, while the Indian name (in its Agency recorded translation) is a badge of Indian heritage.

563 361 There are some grounds to support a popular notion of spatial separation of the two groups. Generally the lands north of Browning are thought to be mixed-blood territory and the full-bloods claim the southern part of the reservation. Recent migrations of people have

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176 Evers, 1958, op. cit., pp. 327-328.

the seven whose incomes we inspected no change of property through this channel occurred. 585 431

A funeral brings with it certain distributive features. First, to prevent the bereaved from hurting themselves, many people must be present at all times in the days after the death. They must be generously fed, for generosity is important at all times. Then the grave-diggers are given something for their services. After interment all property is disposed of. The terms of the will are carried out, though they are concerned with only a part of the possessions given away. A house is literally cleaned of everything in any way valuable. People take what they wish, and the personal property of the deceased may be burned, especially at the death of a wife or husband. If a woman dies, the farm implements are kept for the widower by some close relative to prevent their being given away. If a man dies, his farm implements are either willed to a relative or, in case of no will, are given away to a kinsman. When everything is gone, the nearest relatives are expected to care for the bereaved and at the suitable interval of time give them new clothing, blankets, and food with which to start life over again. 765 574 767 465 768 765 431

Only one of the seven whose expenditures we investigated[1] was influenced by death; the deceased was his father's sister. Our informant took care of the old lady before her death, and others helped to buy groceries. No mention was made of property being received at death, and it is probable that she had little or none to dispose of. Only occasionally is death important as a means of distribution. 76

Outside the family an important system of distribution is gambling. This takes four main forms: hand game, pool or "snooky," poker, and horse racing. The hand games occur most frequently, particularly where many families congregate, as at the hay camps or the mine village. It is difficult to estimate how much changes hands through the course of an evening; we have heard of individuals winning $30 in an all-night session. More often the gain or loss is $2 to $5. 525 524 541

Pool or "snooky," played by young men in the village pool hall, draws bets of 10 to 50 cents from the participants. Spectators may also enter the game via side bets, or novices may be lured into betting high stakes by a display of ineptness on the part of an expert who later will play in his true form to snare the sucker.

[1]Cf. Appendix B.

A [See category 434, pp. 191-194--Analyst]

525 524 Poker, another importation, consists simply in dealing and showing the cards. There are no changing of bets, raising, or wild cards, characteristic of the white game. It is a grim, silent gambling game with little social pleasure where in an hour with several dozen hands one may win or lose a week's wages.

541 525 Horse racing is seasonal, occurring only in late summer. As with most Indian betting, two groups make up equal pots, and only two horses race at one time. Those betting on the winner take all the money. Relatively little changes hands through this means because of the infrequency of horse racing.

525 In general the thing distributed in gambling is money. However, articles of clothing, watches, and knives are not infrequently seen in the pot.

514 431 Visiting constitutes another form of distribution, and there are two distinguishable kinds: visiting on the reserve and visiting off the reserve. Visits between neighbours whom one sees frequently usually involve no exchange. A visit from a seldom seen friend or relative requires a gift. Occasionally, the person who anticipates the making of a visit may bring a gift with him so that there may be an exchange. The articles exchanged in these circumstances are usually clothing, blankets, and small articles of furniture. On one visit of an unexpected sort an Indian and his grandson stopped at a house for fifteen minutes; they came out with a wagon for the grandson.

Visiting the Blood, Piegan, or even Crow reserves differs in that there should always be an exchange of gifts, but the host should give more than the visitor who, being away from home, cannot have so much with him. This rule, however, is modified by the relative wealth of visitor and visited. It is felt, especially when Blackfoot visit poor relatives, that the Blackfoot are on the average wealthier and should give very generously. Certainly considerable property changes hands despite the dearth of cash. People prepare themselves weeks ahead for a visit by saving meat or money for the purchase of blankets and clothing. While at another reserve, Blackfoot frequently "help out" with groceries. There is a mild competition in the long run between reciprocating visitors, and at departure gossipers check over the situation carefully.

As a result of this gift-giving and display of generosity particularly towards the favourite visiting spot, the Blood reserve,

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

Blackfoot declare that a generally "favourable trade balance" exists in terms of generosity: more exports occur than imports. Some Indians commented on this with pride, extolling Blackfoot generosity. Others have been less impressed, saying that the Blackfoot should not be the ones who are always giving.

Religious ceremonies may be viewed as an aspect of distribution. Although the object of Blackfoot religion can be conceived as a deflector of, or insurance against, certain malignant cosmic forces, the manner of achieving this constitutes a system of exchange and distribution. To overcome illness, for example, one vows to purchase a certain medicine bundle, shield, or painted tipi from another. Ceremonial transfer usually involves many persons singing the songs and performing the proper ritual under the direction of a master of ceremonies who receives a fee for his services. At the conclusion food is given to the guests. The cost of the transfer and the price of the medicine bundle are borne by the recipient. Membership in sacred societies or acquiring a weasel-skin suit operates the same way. The regalia purchased is regarded as a medicine bundle and gives a guarantee against catastrophe.

A sacred object provides almost continuous opportunities for generosity not only for the owner himself but for all members of his family. Most sacred objects have annual ceremonies wherein its songs are sung as the bundle is opened and displayed. Here, too, a paid master of ceremonies is required to lead the songs. During such a ceremonial considerable quantities of food are given away to all present. Relatives may help by giving away a blanket, money, or a horse to a guest in honour of the owner.

The most prosperous Indian, hence (in their terms) those on best terms with cosmic forces, have bought and sold many sacred objects. This matter of having owned sacred objects then becomes a symbol of generosity. When one has owned a large number of them, say fifteen, an opportunity arises to exhibit generosity. Such a person may hold a smoking ceremony at which time he can demonstrate his past generosity by singing the songs of each sacred object. Those with fewer sacred objects to their credit will be unable to sing comparably, thus exposing their lack of generosity.

Many of these distributive mechanisms are used relatively little. It is a rare year when a major sacred object or membership in a sacred society changes hands. No Medicine Pipe was acquired

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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Blackfoot Reserve

family as sons, fed, clothed, cared for, accorded honourable status, and often given a horse as extra reward at the end of the year. The chief thus gave young men a start, so that they could begin building their own herd of horses. The chief's tipi or house was constantly filled with people, neighbours, visitors from other bands or even from other tribes, all of whom would be provided with food and drink, a token of hospitality and generosity that was expected to be bounteous. Gatherings to plan work always took place in the chief's dwelling with a bowl of tea and a smoke. Indeed, were not sufficient provided, a chief might jeopardize his standing by being termed "stingy," a calamity for all, if true, in view of the chief's obvious function as dispenser for his band.

Though maintaining order was considered to fall within the chief's province, actually in the days before treaty he intervened rarely in the settlement of private disputes. When the Mounted Police assumed the role of keeping intra-tribal peace, a peculiar change occurred. The whites, taking for granted that judicial activities are functions of organized government, invested the chief with greater local authority than he had previously held. At the same time he was made definitely subordinate to the agent and the Mounties in other regards. Serious offences such as murder and horse-stealing, formerly left to the individuals to settle, were now under the jurisdiction of the white courts. As had always been the case, certain minor band frictions continued to be settled by action of the chiefs. At the Sun Dance, for instance, the boys of the east end and west end camps opposed each other in a sham battle using as weapons mud balls hurled with vicious speed from the end of a stick. When affairs became too serious, chiefly authority always intervened to stop the battle. On the reserve, however, new cases now entered the chiefly jurisdiction. When relatives disputed over the ownership of a horse, the chief, instead of the individuals involved, began to settle the dispute. When a young wife was accused of adultery and horse-whipped for the offence, the whites expected the chief to intervene. Instances are told that emphasize this—Eagle Ribs, on retiring from his chiefly duties, was asked by the agent to continue his surveillance in order to maintain order; a judge, before sentencing an Indian, rebuked the latter's band chief in open court for not keeping better order. Thus developed an expansion of chiefly duties mostly at the expense of individual autonomy and at the same time the placing of final authority in the hands of the whites. This arrangement was largely a matter of

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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Blackfoot Reserve

a labourer or even an onlooker on an agency-managed grain-, cattle-, and coal-producing establishment. From a politically independent people the tribe has been reduced to a form of peonage.

A second factor has been the failure of the original farming venture, the success of which meant the difference between mere existence and an ample income. When the Indians originally adopted farming, it was regarded as a means for becoming wealthy. In the Blackfoot mind there is a definite association of wealth with power, for as we indicated, the chiefs in the past were necessarily wealthy persons. Through farming the prediction of Many Stars at the time of the treaty would be realized: "All will be chiefs." This was true in good years, when Indians could invite friends and relatives to their well-furnished homes for ostentatious give-aways. They could make trips to neighbouring reserves, there to continue the display of generosity. Best of all, they might invest in a sacred bundle as a further token of concrete achievement and as supernatural insurance against the vagaries of weather and fortune. This had always been the Blackfoot way of indicating change of status, as conditioned by years of experience with a plentiful buffalo supply and the risks of warfare that might reduce one's wealth to nothing overnight. If any followed the agency's counsel to save, a succession of poor or indifferent crops quickly consumed the backlog, and there was nothing to show for the effort.

These two factors, the assumption of economic and political management and the failure of reserve enterprises to produce a return commensurate with Indian expectations, have produced frustration of the needs for political and economic self-expression. Since the council of chiefs is an impotent body and since the last vestiges of political control were removed with the scattering of the Blackfoot onto familial farms, a political void has been created. In good times this arrangement produces no consequences, for there is opportunity for self-expression in a gratifying Blackfoot social life. Participation, however, is reduced by lean years. There results a system of devices which can only produce satisfaction in the rare times of abundance.

The question arises why in their dissatisfaction the Indians blame the agency. The system would run much more smoothly if Blackfoot themselves assumed the blame for failure and, as the white employees propose, work harder. It is necessary to realize first that the agency is regarded as the seat of the chief, and chiefs

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
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Blood

302 "What will they think at home? Here I went mourning and I come back smelling so pretty."

853 All my children were nursed with my own milk. Now you
[856] take all these children that were not natural nursed—they were raised on all kinds of milk, and they don't know how to listen
861 and they have no pity on their fellow men. . . . If my children don't listen to me I used to just grab them and give them a good whipping. I have whipped my grandchildren, too. But since the time one of them died, in an accident away from home, I have pitied the rest and I don't whip them anymore.

342 I was raised around a tipi, and I have used one for most of my camping life. When we quit camping in a tipi then we started to use a wall tent, because we were too old to handle
● 574 the tipi poles. My husband always used to invite a lot of people to our camp. If he saw some visitor walking around he would tell me: "There are some people who have just arrived, you had better cook for them." Someone would be sent to invite them, and then they would be fed. I used to get a lot of visiting relatives from the Blackfeet in Montana. My grandfather took one of his wives from there, and she had a lot of relations. But most of them are dead now.

Something funny happened to me one of those times that my husband invited guests. I was always rushing around to get all my work done. I had a big wooden box in which I kept all my foodstuffs when we were camping. This time I took out a big bunch of eggs and set them down. Then I did some other work, and by the time I turned back to cook I forgot about the eggs. I sat down on them, and all of a sudden I felt something very sticky under me. I jumped up and my children all started laughing. They said. "Mother, your rear end is just yellow from all the eggs you sat on." I had to change all my clothes in a hurry, while my children just kept on laughing and giggling. Finally I told them to quit laughing and help set the table for our guests.

462 in the days when men were still treated like kings by the
592 women; they didn't do anything to help around the home. My father would sit and smoke his pipe, or sing songs and visit, and let my mother serve him and take care of everything. We were quite young, so she didn't make us work either. We would just play and watch.

342 We didn't have a very big house to live in when we were
[343] kids. But it was a good and warm one made of logs. My father always provided my mother with a separate log house to cook in. In it she had tables and chairs and she kept it to suit her-
461 self. She always began her work by chopping some wood, and then cleaning up her work area. If there was a meal to fix, she would cook. Otherwise she would sit down to sew or do beadwork. She never sat around idle. My sister and I learned well not to be idle, from our mother.

574 During the day my father would often saddle his horse and go visiting. He would ride over to the home of his mother. His father had several wives and they were all my father's mothers. Other times he would go to visit different relatives and friends. Back in the days before we were born my father had been to war with some of those friends, and they always talked about
462 those times when they got together. The spoiled way that my father acted was left over from those days, when men did all the fighting, hunting, and looking after the family horses, and the women did everything around the home.

512 While my father went riding my mother would stay home with us and do her work. Sometimes she would sew things for us, or tan hides for rugs or clothing. She would watch the sun, and when he got to a certain place in the sky she would start the fire for cooking. She would make tea, because she knew that my father would be home soon. He always came back before dark. When he got in she would serve him tea. He would sit at his place, at the back of the room, by the altar and under his bundles. He would slowly drink his tea, and

342 After my grandmother got the outside of her tipi set up she went inside to put up her liner. That's the long curtain that hangs around the inside and keeps the winds from blowing through. It's tied to the tipi poles so that the wind blows up and pulls the smoke out the top. She tied her long lining cord to the main pole, the one at the back that held the cover. From there she brought the cord toward the doorway from both sides. She'd make a loop around every second pole with it, and she'd tie each end to the poles on each side of the doorway.

353 Then she'd take out her best tipi lining and she'd put it across where the main bed was going to be—her and my grandfather's bed. This wasn't straight in the back from the doorway, but a little to the south. The medicine bundles hung straight at the back, in the place of honor. Then she'd put up the rest of her linings, right to the doorway. Next she set up the beds by laying down the mattresses and setting up the backrests on their tripods. One backrest was put at each end of each mattress and that made up a complete bed. A tipi can easily hold six beds, but usually you just see four: two on the south side and two on the north.

Then she'd stack her parfleches in between the backrest tripods. Sometimes they put them around the inside of the tipi to hold down the bottoms of the liners, because they are 352 heavily loaded with dried meat and pemmican. For carpets and bottom sheets under the mattresses she always used fur robes with the hair on. They hardly ever got buffalo hides, so 281 they used mostly cowhides. I watched her do lots of work and she tanned lots of big robes that way, my grandmother did.

354 When the inside of the tipi was arranged she'd set up her cooking tripod in the center. From that she hung her kettles over the fire, usually from a chain. Just as soon as the hard work of setting up the tipi was over she'd start cooking a meal. 574 Usually my grandfather would go around the camp circle,

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

574 announcing loudly for some visitors that he was inviting for supper, right the first evening when they got there.

231 The menfolks went out to stake the horses—that is, the saddle horses. They let the team horses go to graze, the ones that pulled the loaded wagons. They put the saddles and harness just inside the doorway, to the south. If there was a spare tent then they put the saddles and harness in there, and if my grandmother got too many visitors then she would put them in there too.

574 If the visitor was a well-known person he brought his family into the tipi too. Otherwise just the man would come, or he would bring his wife, if she was invited. Since there is no town or store close by the Sun Dance grounds my grandmother would have to get prepared before they went to camp. They'd be there for three or four weeks, and they would get a lot of visitors that they had to feed. My grandmother used up a lot of grub during that time.

Oh, my, I still remember very clearly how my grandmother's tipi looked when it was completely furnished and full of guests. Because my grandfather was a religious leader he usually had important people coming to see him, so I was taught from the start not to bother them or fool around in the tipi.

252 When my grandmother started to cook she got down on her [514] knees and that was how she worked; she didn't get up and down a lot. She had a circle of rocks laid around in the center, and she made an open fire in there. She didn't have no such thing as a tin camp stove, or those modern Coleman stoves that people are using nowadays. She had her foodstuff piled by her, and she sat so that she could reach her firewood, which was on the same side as the saddles and harness. Her foodstuff was mainly dried meat, flour, baking powder, berries, potatoes, fat, sugar, salt, and tea. She didn't keep much fancy food. I hardly knew her to buy canned stuff by the case, like a

grease her frying pan and spread part of the dough out on it, real evenly. She would scrape the ashes and coals out away from the main part of the fire. She spread them out evenly—they were red-hot—and she sat her frying pan right on top. Then she would turn it this way and that way, by the handle, and she would make sure that the bottom of the bread got nicely browned. She always knew when it was nicely browned and she'd take the pan off the hot ashes. She'd get one of her tipi stakes and she'd use it to prop up the frying pan by its handle, so that the heat would brown the top side of her bread. She didn't turn the bread over in the pan, she just stood the pan up and let the bread get browned on top from the heat.

By the time she got everything cooked my grandfather's guests would already be sitting down and visiting. Of course, just because she was cooking didn't keep her from joining in the conversations. She'd fix a place mat in front of each guest. Later on we used tablecloths from the stores, but in those days she used white flour sacks that were washed nice and clean. She would double one over for each guest. The first person that she always served was her husband; that is the proper way in our customs. She would put his meat and potatoes and bread in a bowl. These religious people always have special wooden bowls that nobody else eats from. She would put his knife and fork right in the bowl: we don't lay them out on the side. Then she would put the salt and sugar right beside him, and butter, too, if there was any. They liked butter on their bread. Only after he was completely served did she set up the places and food for the others. Of course, they just kept visiting during this time.

If they were not having any visitors then the next one who got fed was their oldest son or their hired man. His bed was the first one to the north of the back, to the right of the fireplace, when you enter. But if they had guests then he wouldn't be up there, because my grandfather always seated his guests by their traditional status. The most honored guests sat closest

to him, just on the other side of him and his bundles. The people who had medicine pipes and beaver bundles always sat closest.

The men all sat cross-legged on the bed, wherever they were shown. Of course, the men always sat on the north side of the tipi and the women on the south. If a man was accompanied by his wife, she usually sat in the same place on the women's side as her husband was given on the men's. But the women never sit cross-legged. They sit with their legs either folded back to one side or else straight out.

After all the food was served out then my grandmother would serve out the beverage. Let's say she had tea. She would fill all the cups with tea and then pass them around to the guests. When they are through eating they just push their plates out away from themselves, and she comes around to pick them up. Then she sits back down by the fire and washes all her dishes right away. Most of the visitors brought their own plates and bowls, especially if they were religious people. If there was food left over at the end, she would divide it out among the bowls, and the visitors would take it home with them.

My uncle, Joe Heavy Head, was the one who usually did the chores and outside work around the tipi. He was their oldest son and he usually slept toward the back. He looked after the horses, and he went down to the bush for water and wood. My grandfather had no time for any chores because he was a religious leader. People kept him busy making announcements in the camp, or looking after their medicine pipe bundles. My grandmother had a lot of religious duties to take care of, too. On certain days she did all her day's work right in the morning, because she would be gone with her religious work the rest of the day.

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faced by us of the younger generations in trying to follow our traditional ways. We are used to having many comforts and know little about living with basics. In addition, the young people of the past grew up with these ways and didn't have to go about experimenting and making mistakes. These mistakes may be at the expense of safety and comfort for the whole family nowadays, which is why I think many Indians prefer modern ways over the traditional ones.

You can still see elaborate traditional tipi furnishings at such encampments as the Calgary Stampede, where prize money is awarded to the finest examples. But you seldom see such tipis being used by Indian families at Sun Dance or powwow encampments. For one thing, collectors of such old-style Indian articles have forced their value up so that many Indians cannot afford to buy them, or to keep them if they can make them at home. Such important traditional furnishings as buffalo robes and brass kettles are very hard to find, at any cost. Often the only tipis with open fires are those in which medicine bundles are kept. Even in these the cooking is usually done on a stove or in a nearby tent, with the fire saved mainly for making the required incense. Bedsteads and cots usually take the place of the old-time couches, so that there is no need or room for the tripods and backrests of the past. The old-time, central fireplace always guided traffic inside the tipi around in a circle—a part of the sacred circle that many people associate with this kind of life. Modern tipis don't have a special center, or a traffic direction, which can be very disorienting and uncomfortable for those used to the old ways, even while this is more efficient for many people today.

Old people who are no longer able to put up their own tipis like to be invited to visit in the tipis of others, especially those that are set up in the traditional way. Because we have a medicine pipe bundle in our household, our tipi is always required to have the basic traditional items such as central fireplace, altar, and backrests. My grandmothers like to come

574 in and relax and watch me go about my work. Of course, they
123 don't hesitate to point out my mistakes, which helps me to learn.

354 After we camped at that first Sun Dance with only an open fire in my tipi, I have come to appreciate having a wood-burning campstove besides. I set it up right next to the fireplace, on the side toward the doorway. I put up a high enough chimney to keep the smoke higher than the eyes of a standing person. Usually we put wire around the chimney and tie the ends to two opposing tipi poles, to keep it from falling down.

354 The worst thing about the open fire was the smoke that
372 turned many of my cooking sessions into tearful agonies, Also, the open fires limited the kinds of meals I could cook, and eagerly burned any meals I didn't cook just right. Finally, the open fires sent sparks flying around the tipi to burn our bedding and endanger the occupants, whenever I used the wrong wood. I thought at first that much of my open fire trouble was due to the wrong wood (pine being worst and cottonwood best), but I found that even a slight change in the wind direction outside kept the smoke from going up properly. Often it congregated right at about my work level. Getting and keeping enough dry wood on hand was still another problem, since wet wood on an open fire is a real disaster.

342 In some ways my camp is not much different from my
352 great-grandmother's, when my mother stayed with her. I use
353 similar bedding, tripods, and backrests, and a trunk for clothing and dance outfits. I have a fireplace and an altar for making incense for the medicine bundles. Best of all, I have a tipi that gives each camping experience that ageless good spirit of my ancestors.

352 But I also set up a table inside my tipi to cook on. I wasn't
[516] raised on the ground like my grandmothers, so I find it hard to be comfortable while working that way for long. I bring a kerosene lamp for lighting, a cooler to hold drinking water, and a couple of chairs for those of our old people who have a hard time getting up and down.

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ture was worked with the fingers until all the clots and lumps broke up. Usually she saved the broth from the boss ribs that she first cooked for my grandfather. She would boil some serviceberies in that broth, and then stir in the blood mixture very slowly. She kept stirring it and tasting it until she was satisfied that she had blood soup the way she liked it. This is still used as a sacred meal during the nighttime Holy Smoke Ceremonies.

Sometimes my grandmother used the blood to make sausages. She would pour the fresh blood straight into some of the guts that she had already washed and tied at one end. She would fill the gut about halfway with blood; then she tied the other end shut and boiled it until it was done.

Whenever my grandparents killed an animal they invited their friends and neighbors to share some of it with them—especially the parts that would spoil quickest. First, they would take out the main parts that they wanted to keep for themselves, and they would prepare most of the meat for drying, then they would prepare for their guests. It is an old custom that when a family has lots of fresh food to eat they invite plenty of guests to help them eat it. Later on, when the guests have a lot at their homes, they invite the others, in turn. Many of us are still that way today.

No matter who was invited—even a chief—my grandmother always fed my grandfather first. The head of the household always sits down and gets served first, especially when he is a holy man, like my grandfather was. He might say a prayer before starting to eat, or he might ask someone else to say it, especially if there was someone whose prayers were noted for strength. But since they prayed all day long anyway, they didn't necessarily pray before each meal. Mostly they prayed at important meals, or if there was an honored guest. Nowadays I hear more praying at meals, but less at other times.

within the tipi where the Bundle is kept. Peace and quiet should be maintained around such a tipi at all times. If someone calls from outside and does not come in, we must step outside to speak with him. Mokakin, himself a former Medicine Pipe Owner, was well aware of this rule. 778 784

"Oki, OmachKinna," I said to him, as he came through the doorway. I used a standard greeting of respect to an older man. 576 574

"Oki, Natosina ki SikskiAki," said Mokakin in return. He glanced around our tipi and said, "It's all fixed up now," giving an approving nod, then shaking his head to the side with pleasure. We felt happy and proud that our traditional Ways gladdened the old man's thoughts.

"Do you have time to sit and have a smoke and some tea?" I asked hesitantly. I knew that Mokakin was already serving as advisor, as grandfather, to the soon-to-be Horns. I wasn't sure how long he had for a visit with us.

No sooner had I asked the question than we heard Ponah's strong voice call out, "PitachPikis!" And for insurance she followed with, "Mokakin!" Knowing that there would be no excuse for not hearing his wife call at least one of his names, he apologetically mumbled something and hurried out. One of the future members of the Horns was probably waiting to be advised on some ceremonial matter. We knew that Mokakin would spend as much time at our place as he could, and we looked forward to his later visits.

Behind Mokakin's and Ponah's tipi was the tipi of their son, Charlie Weaselhead. His parents had given him the new white tipi to honor his joining the Horns Society. His joining meant a lot to them. They had been members in the past. 575 561 [431]

While sitting quietly in our tipi, we suddenly became aware of a gathering of voices, soon followed by a few beats on a large bass drum. The camp was about to be entertained by "tobacco singers," a group of friends who sit before the door of a lodge and sing until the lodge owner 533 [534] [431]

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companion, Mike Yellow Bull, held him steady from behind until he was safely inside. Slowly, he walked around the fireplace toward me. 574

"T'kcha?"—Who is that?—the Old Man called out, as he pointed to Albert with one of his canes. In our tipi, he always sits at the place of honor, immediately to my left, where Albert was sitting. [576]

"Makwi Poka," Albert replied. The Old Man was momentarily confused, since our little boy, also named Makwi Poka, usually sits at my right. Then he recognized the voice and said, "Oh, my old son-in-law," his tone implying that he should have known who it was. He was referring to Albert's first marriage to his daughter, Victoria.

Albert got up and we helped the Old Man sit down in the honored place. At ninety-four, his vigorous outdoor life had helped him grow old in good health. Although his eyes were nearly worn out and his knees were weak, he was one of the few Old People who could sit through our all-night ceremonies and still be alert and joking when Sun came up in the morning. 887 147

The Old Man was the last holy man to follow the Old Ways of our People. He had spent his lifetime giving spiritual guidance to our People, doctoring them when their health failed, and leading their ceremonies when they came together to pray. 793 756

He had been born in the year 1877. His father's name was also Wolf Old Man, and his mother was the younger of Wolf Old Man's two wives. Not long after our Old Man's birth, Wolf Old Man died. Our Old Man's mother then mar- 551 [587]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13A]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan division of our People. Weather Dancers from various divisions often join together for Sun Dances. 123 [793]

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society. Among our People he was considered to have the greatest knowledge of the society's songs and ceremonies, having held seven different memberships in the society, including that of leader. The recent transfer was the tenth for which he had served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs and Pigeons societies. 793 575 561

As always, it was an honor to have the Old Man visit our home. His presence inspired us with the knowledge that it was still possible to find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits. 574 123

We sat in silence for a few moments after the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy conversation until he has learned what mood is current in the lodge he has just entered. During that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man, he was given the second place of honor in the tipi, to the left of the Old Man. 576 574

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the Old Man's duties. During his past memberships with the Horns he became acquainted with many of that society's functions, and is now looked upon as an advisor by the new members. In addition, Mokakin is a successful doctor of several minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams this Power and shown the plants to use while he was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly, while sleeping alone during a winter-time trapping expedition. 575 561 [867] 759 [787]

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778 574

[p. 15-A]

guests, the two Horns advisors discussed business. 778
Albert Wolf Child took part in the conversation, 574
since he is a former member of the Horns and is
sometimes called on for advice. During this time I
filled my smoking pipe and in my mind rehearsed
the songs for our sacred Bundle. It is a tradition [867]
for a Medicine Pipe Owner to invite one or more
former Owners for a meal and to offer them a [533]
smoke. They, in turn, will pray for the present
Owner and his family, and will sing some of the
Bundle's songs. Before the coming of tape re-
corders, this was the only way such songs could be
learned. Many songs were lost between the years
when the People stopped camping by each other
and when songs could finally be recorded. Even
now, few people will take the time to listen to
these songs as often as it takes to learn them.

I asked the Old Man to sing one song, mean- 533
ing one set of seven songs. Many of our holy songs
are sung in sets of seven, although no one seems to
remember why. I could have asked the Old Man
to sing more than one set, but I realized he had
plenty of singing to do in his affairs with the
Horns.

SikskiAki placed a hot coal in the center of 782
our altar, while I took a pinch of sweet pine 778
needles and held them with the thumb and first 533
finger of my right hand. The Old Man took
that hand in his and held it high above the smol-
dering coal. He said a prayer of thanks to the
Holy Powers that brought us together. Then he
prayed for good thoughts and long life for all of
us and asked our holy Pipe to inspire my family to
live a straight life. He thanked the Pipe's Powers
for being with him for so many years and with us
now. Then he began to sing: "The Above . . . it
is holy . . . the earth . . . it is holy!"

He lowered my hand during the singing, let- 533
ting the sweet pine fall on the hot coal, making 778
the incense. While chanting, we all reached out
our hands toward the sacred smoke and rubbed it
on our arms and over our bodies from our heads
down. Each song consisted mostly of chanting

Black coffee or tea is often drunk instead of plain water, though most everyone knows that water is *healthier.* 512 272

Two more criers made their way around the camp circle. One announced the name of the person whose tipi would be the meeting place for the future Horns. The other crier called out the names of two members, inviting one to visit the other. Even though PitachPikis was recognized as the camp's main crier, anyone could announce something the others should know. Generally, certain recognized Old Men were asked to make the announcements. For this favor they were given a present of tobacco, food, or money. 512 203 [887] [431]

It was about midday when SikskiAki lit our fire again to put a kettle of soup over it. Earlier, we had invited our friend Albert Wolf Child to come over for lunch and a visit. Albert is the grandson of the man whose common name, Wolf Child, is now a last name for his descendants. When our People first settled on the reserve, government officials arbitrarily assigned family names based on the common name of the head of the family. Unfortunately, the man who interpreted all these names was not fully familiar with the complicated Blackfoot language. He was a Negro named Dave Mills, who was married to a Blood woman. His descendants are now active members of the tribe. Dave Mills was well liked by the Old People, even though he did not adopt their traditions. They gave him the name Young Scabby Bull. 512 [574] 551 553 [563]

WOLF OLD MAN VISITS

While SikskiAki went next door to invite PitachPikis to join us, Albert Wolf Child arrived. He hesitated until I pointed to the seat at my left. Just as he sat down, the door curtain opened wide. It was our grandfather, Wolf Old Man, thrusting his two canes through the opening and carefully lifting his legs over the canvas that formed the base of the doorway. His brother, his 574

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Back to Our Own Encampment

574 [484] 533 [352] 123 [342] The Old Man ended his visit with us before supper. Because he did not like to travel after dark, he always insisted on being brought home before Sun sets. When darkness came he liked to sit at the edge of his iron-frame bed and sing songs of the Old Ways—they were holy songs, of which he knew many. The first time I had met him, that was what he had been doing in his little white one-room frame house. I had gone to him in search of inspiration and guidance, which he had given me. Here is how we began our deep spiritual relationship:

ON FIRST MEETING OUR OLD MAN

123 As SikskiAki and I drove over the dirt road toward the Old Man's house, we could see a light burning through a window. Behind the house we could see the silhouettes of sweat lodge frames—reminders of holy experiences from his past.

We knocked, and a voice from within bid us enter. A blast of warm air rushed past us as we came in from the cold. Immediately, I felt the presence of holy Powers; a feeling of weakness

on to the west side of camp, where they again sat down to await anyone who wished to make offerings. They repeated this at the north and east ends, then returned to their lodge. 575 796 782

The next morning, people would have another opportunity to approach the Motokiks for prayers and blessings, this time in their lodge. There, the prayer seekers would be painted with the Center Pole design. We wished to have Mrs. Red Crow, the society's only remaining Scabby Bull, paint our son Wolf Child, so that he could add this blessing to his young life. [302] [123]

MINIPOKAIKS: THE FAVORITE CHILDREN

That evening, after the camp quieted down, we went next door again to visit Mokakin and Ponah. Eagle Ribs is always happy to entertain his guests with stories and talk. One of that night's subjects was *minipokaiks*—"favorite children." It was a tradition among our People for parents or grandparents to select a child as a favorite, one who showed particular promise to succeed in our Ways, given proper care and Teaching. If the parents of a minipoka went to many ceremonies, the child was likely to grow up to become a ceremonial leader. If the parents went to many social functions, the child was likely to learn much about leadership. Other minipokaiks, however, were simply spoiled and pampered so that they grew up expecting others to help them at the first sign of difficulty. Mokakin told us this legend, The Story of the Abandoned Children, about one minipoka of the long-ago. 574 [517] 593 858 [554] [155] 539 773

This happened a long time ago. I don't know how long. I heard the story told by others when I was young.

Since there were no other activities on the afternoon of this fourth day in camp, we took the opportunity to return to our house, along the Bullhorn Coulee. I wanted to pick up some yellow paint for the Horns and to water our horses and fill up their trough. And SikskiAki and I were looking forward to a refreshing bath in our private swimming hole. 000

When we got home that's the first thing we did. A few cattle ranches between our place and the mountains keep us from drinking the otherwise clear water, but they sure don't keep us from lying in the cool flow of the river. Then we relaxed quietly on a blanket in the warmth of Sun.

We enjoyed the privacy not possible at the campground. There, unexpected visitors can drop by at any time. In the Old Days, visitors were probably reassuring in the northern plains, vast and lurking with danger and enemy. But even then, men sometimes went on the warpath to "get away from it all." On the warpath they had the opportunity to reevaluate themselves and family and friends. When they returned, they could be assured of a change in routine, with new adventures to talk about, new horses to train and ride, and new possessions to admire and share. 156 721 [574]

Women seldom had the opportunity for privacy, except when they went down to the river for water or to the woods for fuel. Only a few husbands allowed their wives to share in the adventures of hunting and horse raiding. Most were confined to the daily chores of child care and housekeeping. 156 [462]

Sun was low in the sky, an evening ember still shooting its rays across to us, as we drove back to the camp in the east. There, the Buttes looked like flaming sentinels watching over the flat where the camp was. Just before dipping below the horizon, Sun's last rays bathed the Buttes in orange colors, leaving the edges of the fissures and caves outlined in red, their insides already black with darkness. 000

The road between the Buttes and the reserve is unmarked, but we all know it as the Belly 487

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[796] [785] Sitting Bull—the Blood—with his two wives and his children. The boy at the left later became one of the last four men to fulfill self-torture vows, during the 1892 Medicine Lodge ceremony. This scene was taken around 1880, and must have been of a hunting camp, due to the unusual crudeness of the tipi poles and cover. Among his sons were Calling High and Jim Wells.

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A group of visiting Assiniboine men wearing Grass Dance regalia, which they traded for Blood horses in 1893. Blood spectators are watching the dance in the background. Assiniboine singers are seated around the drum in the foreground. (R. N. Wilson)

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a church. Every morning and every night he made incense. He asked for life in his prayers. He prayed for all of us. . . . At the beginning of summer he would be really happy when he first heard thunder. That is when he opened his Bundle. He would butcher a cow and use it to feed those who came to the ceremony. We had a good life because our home was very holy.

Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides is the present head chief of the Blood People. The Bloods have had five chiefs from his family over the past hundred years. His father, old Shot-on-Both-Sides, was the son of Crop-Eared Wolf, who was the adopted son of old Red Crow, who was the nephew of Pinukwiim. All of them were head chiefs.

Except for one two-year term, Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides has been head chief since the death of his father in 1958.

The Old People still respect me the same way they respected my father. I don't know about the young people. For instance, when we went down to Ottawa, they put me first in everything. Before every meeting began I was asked to pray. We had meetings at different places and I prayed at each of them. I prayed so that we would get what we went for.

were gone for three months. It's pretty tough when you are so far away from home and you get homesick. I used to just get into my wagon and drive around and try to pretend that I was back at home, here. But that was kind of hard. We never saw any kangaroos when I went for a ride in my wagon here, but we sure did there. We raced chuckwagons and horses while we were down there; we showed their cowboys how we do it here. 484 177

A lot of Old People prayed for me before I left. They were pretty worried about us going so far and across so much water. We went from Vancouver by boat, it took us twenty-six days. [782]

Joe's wife joined the Horns Society once, with her first husband, and recently she joined again with Joe. He is the oldest member of the society. His wife said, "Don't ask him if he's ever had a vision. He was too scared to go out by himself to do that; he just chased the girls, instead." 156 [575] [787]

MRS. ANNIE WADSWORTH

Eighty-two-year-old Annie Wadsworth was a cousin of Charcoal. She can still remember when he came to her mother one night, when he was wanted for murder, and asked for food and sewing materials, which her mother gave him at great risk. 574

The most outstanding fact of Mrs. Wadsworth's life, however, is that her parents gave her away as a bride in the Old Way when she was only seven years old. Her father was Moon Calf; her mother, Forward Stealing Woman. They gave her to eighteen-year-old Willie Wadsworth, then better known as Wearing-a-Tailfeather-Headpiece. She says that she does not regret being married so early because her husband treated her very well throughout their life together. They had twelve children. 584

[p. 339-B]

She speaks of her early marriage: 584

Yes, I was still running amongst the girls. I was still small and naughty. My father told me one day, "You will get married. There is a boy that just came out of school. He is a gentle boy, so he will be kind to you." [156] [581]

I was very proud that I was getting married. I should have been educated first, but I obeyed my father to get married so that someone would look after me. He was getting ill then.

My mother sewed moccasins for me to get married in. When winter came, it was on Christmas, they got me my horse and they tied a travois to him. I had my bedding and I had two parfleches; one was full of moccasins and one was full of dried meat. Those that are called pillows [backrests] were loaded, too, and some blankets were put on top. I rode on one horse and there were two more horses with many blankets tied on them; they were all presents from my folks. I don't remember everything about it, because I was small. I don't know how many more horses were sent later; my husband traded off some of them for cows. 584 583 [425] [231]

I wore a buckskin dress. My leggings were beaded, and I wore a fancy blanket with a safety pin in front. My shawl was a fancy woolen blanket. We arrived at the old place where we used to get our rations. An interpreter lived there. His name is Young Scabby Bull, a black white-man [the Negro, Dave Mills]. My mother told me to stay in there for a while so that she could go and get rations. This was ration day. 584 [292] [657]

So I sat there. Then a woman came in and kissed me and said we were going. I was hoping to see my mother, but I never saw her again that day. She took me out and put me on the horse with the travois. So we started off again. The woman led the two other horses. She was on horseback, too.

We came to a house. It was the house of my deceased brother, Bull Shields. A man lived there 584 574

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Mr. and Mrs. Willie Wadsworth and family during a Sunday outing with some of their children.

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584 *by the name of Bull Head. He had two wives.*
574 *One of them was named Shaggy. They both jumped out and took me down. I must have looked funny. A woman by the name of Annie started to laugh at me. She was John Cotton's*
[292] *wife. I must have looked really funny. It was in the winter and I had on my buckskin dress, and my shawl was a small fancy blanket.*

585 *They fed us and then we started off again, on and on. Finally I couldn't see my homeland, which was beyond the ration house. We came to*
[342] *a place that is called Willows-in-the-Water. As we came into the open, there was a house with a sod roof. We went in and they took my belong-*
[352] *ings. At one side there was a wooden bed, an old bed of the past, carved fancy. It was the bed of the one that I was going to marry!*

My blankets were all brought in. The boy had a sister. I asked her, "Have you got any toys?"
[431] *She brought out a small rawhide container full with her toys. She sorted them out and she gave*

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Back to Wintertime

OUR NIGHTTIME CEREMONIES

It is late winter now, not long before Thunder returns and the season of outdoor life and holy ceremonies begins again. But even during winter we have come together to pray and sing our holy songs in Nighttime ceremonies two or three times each month. 796

Ach-kanotsisi—"All-Smoking-Together"—is how our People announce a Nighttime ceremony. People devoted to our Old Ways are invited to someone's house to sing the songs of the sacred articles transferred to them during their lifetime. The sponsor of the ceremony provides a leader, as well as plenty of tobacco and food. In exchange, he and his family will receive strength by hearing each participant sing sacred songs and say prayers for their benefit. 796 [533] [778] [425] [782] [574]

The Nighttime ceremony is commonly referred to as a Big Smoke, or Sacred Smoke. During the night-long ceremony, each participant counts coups—he calls out the Medicines he has owned and sings the Medicines' songs. Usually each person sings sixteen songs recalling experiences with Medicine Pipe Bundles, Beaver Bundles, Horns Society, Medicine Lodges, sacred tipis, sacred necklaces and headdresses, and other society memberships and Bundle transferrals. The singing of all these songs is a summary of the holy life of our Old Ways. 796 533 [778]

According to the Old Man, who was a leader 796 793

[p.345-A]

Buffalo Robes

In the daytime, save for the shouting of children at play, the great camp was quiet; but with the setting of the sun it livened up. Men began shouting invitations to their friends to come and feast and smoke with them. Members of the various branches of the *Ikuni Kahtsi* (All Friends warriors society) got together to sing and dance. At once in a hundred lodges there were various social gatherings—gatherings of old men, young men, old women, young women, chiefs and leading warriors, Sun priests. Evening always found me joining one or another of the lodge-fire circles to listen to the talk, and so I heard great tales of war, of hunting, and of the wondrous doings of the gods. In greatest demand were the tellers of humorous stories; they had so many invitations to social gatherings that they were rarely found at home. And theirs was clean humor; one never heard any obscenity in the lodges of the Blackfoot tribes.

What George Catlin had to say of the Mandans he visited in 1832—that they were kindly, courteous hosts—was equally true of the old-time Blackfeet. A man giving a feast-and-smoke stepped outside his lodge and shouted his invitations. One by one the guests came and were seated according to their standing in the tribe. The more prominent a man was—such as chief, Sun priest, warrior—the nearer he would be placed to the host. When all were seated, the women of the lodge placed dishes of food, the choicest that they had—boiled or broiled buffalo tongues, buffalo dorsal ribs, berry pemmican, stewed berries—before them, and the host, not eating, began cutting finely a mixture of tobacco for the smokes. At the same time he started the talk about something of general interest, or, perhaps, called on a certain one to tell of some thrilling experience he had had in hunting or at war; or, as often happened, a Sun priest would talk about the gods or relate a powerful vision that the gods had given him in the night. As the talk went on, all ate slowly, moderately, and in most pleasant manner, of their portions. Contrary to the general opinion of them, the Indians, anyhow the Blackfeet, were not gorgers of great quantities of food.

When all had finished eating, the host passed the filled big-stone bowl with its long stem to someone of the circle to light from the fire—always a Sun priest if one were present—and he, touching a coal

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

or burning stick to the mixture, blew a whiff of smoke to the sky, exclaiming: "Oh, Sun! Oh, Above People! Pity us; help us." Then another whiff to the ground with: "Oh, Earth Mother! Pity us; help us." With that, he leisurely drew a few whiffs of smoke from the pipe, inhaling deeply, and from him the pipe went from hand to hand straight to the end man of the row, then from him to be smoked by the others in turn until it returned to the host. So was it smoked from east to west, thus imitating the daily courses of the sun. Sun priests in the row of guests grasped the stem of the pipe with both hands when taking, smoking, and passing it on, imitating the actions of the bear, sacred animal, when seizing anything. No others were privileged to do that. (Then, too, the Sun priests' special name for the bear was *páksi kwoyi*, "sticky mouth." The common people called the animal *kaiyo*, "lost.")

The pipe smoked out, the host cleaned the bowl, allowed it to cool, then refilled it, and it went again the length of the row of guests. Generally, it was filled and smoked three times in the course of an hour or so of pleasant talk. Then at last, ostentatiously knocking the pipe bowl upon his tobacco cutting board, the host loudly exclaimed, "*Kyi! Itsinitsi!*" ("There! It is burned out!"). Whereat the guests arose, filed out of the lodge, and went their several ways. What a boon that would be to civilized hosts so at will to dismiss their guests!

Persistent hunting and killing of cow buffalo began in November, and the women were soon busily converting the heavily furred hides into well-tanned robes. It was arduous work. The hides were fleshed; that is, cleaned of all adhering scraps of meat and fat, then laced into lodgepole frames, where they dried as stiff and firm as thin boards. Then, standing upon the hide, smooth side up, the tanner, with an elkhorn-handled, steel-bladed instrument the shape of a hoe, chipped it to about one-half its original thickness and rubbed it with grease. When that was thoroughly soaked in, the hide was then well smeared with a mixture of boiled liver and brains, folded and rolled, and laid away for several days in order for the mixture to neutralize its glue. Then came the hardest of the work: the tanner for an hour or so at a time rubbed and seesawed the hide against upright, stretched thongs of rawhide, until, at last, it became almost as

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ant a sound; it cheered me, and again I cried out, as I had all the long way across the plain: 'Oh, pity me, Sun, and all you various ones of the shadow world. Be some one of you my sacred helper, that I may survive all dangers and attain old age.'

"I was looking down the river as I prayed. I heard a splash the other way and turning, there, almost beside me, was a certain water animal, sitting at the edge of the water and looking at me. He was so old that his fur was mostly white. 'Oh, young man,' he said to me, 'from afar I heard your cry for help, and so have come to you to be your sacred helper.'

"And then, mother, sister, *Apikuni*, that water animal, he talked with me a long time, telling me what I should do, how sacrifice to him, how call him to my aid when in need. But just what he said, just who he was, that I may not tell you. I wish I could, but you know that no one may reveal what is between him and his sacred helper, lest bad luck come to him."

"Yes, we know that; we will never question you about it, and oh, how glad I am for you. Well we know that all the water animals, even the smallest kinds of them, are Sun favored, and so very powerful. So come, my son, homeward we go," his mother said. His sister gave him her horse and rode double with her mother, and in the late afternoon we were back in camp.

The next evening, well recovered from his fast, for the first time in his life, Fox Eyes gave a feast-and-smoke, and all who were invited came—staid warriors and several sacred-pipe men, believed to be particularly favored by Sun. They drank the soup, ate the rich, broiled buffalo tongues set before them, and during the smoking of the four pipes afterward congratulated Fox Eyes on his endurance and the success of the fast. I was there with them, although I had no right to sit with such dignitaries. But many privileges were accorded the white brother of Fox Eyes.

As my almost-brother filled the pipe for the fourth time, and passed it to the man next on his left to light, he said: "My friends, I now have my sacred helper, but without a shield I cannot go to war. Who will make one for me if I provide the material for it?"

"I will," said Black Otter, oldest of the sacred-pipe men. "And I!

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

595 837 [684] [782] hurried to their daughter and urged her to return to them; they were not going to allow her to be disfigured because of *Otahki's* lies. And that one they denounced with all the epithets of the Blackfoot language. But Otter Woman would not listen to their pleadings. She had done no wrong; she had prayed the Above Ones for help; they were with her, they would not allow her to suffer for something that she had not done. To leave her man's lodge now would be to admit that she was guilty.

It was near midnight when Eagle Plume and his woman went back to their lodge, without their daughter. And when, a little later, we took to our couches, Talks-with-the-Buffalo had not returned.

But he came back sometime in the night, so Bear Head's elder wife said when she had built our morning fire and awakened us. And she had it from *Paiota* that he had not overtaken Handsome Man.

As Bear Head and I were returning from our early plunge in the creek, he said to me: "In Talks-with-the-Buffalo's lodge, this morning, there will be a big talk about Otter Woman. If he fails to invite us, we must anyhow attend it." [574]

"Will you tell the gathering what we saw out here, two nights back?" I asked.

"I don't know. I don't know what I shall do about it." And then, when we were almost to the doorway of our lodge, he brought me to a stand and added: "The strength of our tribe is in our women. The good ones should be praised, favored in every way; the bad ones should be punished." [562]

[574] [623] It was about ten o'clock when Talks-with-the-Buffalo stood before his lodge and shouted invitations to this and that prominent man of the camp to come to his lodge for a talk. Bear Head and I were not named. We saw the great ones go in one by one: White Calf, the head chief; Running Crane; Three Suns; Fast Buffalo Horse; Little Dog; and other clan chiefs and medicine men to the number of twelve. Then we slipped in after them and seated ourselves just to the right of the doorway. Came in then still another uninvited one, Otter Woman's father, Eagle Plume, and sat down on my right. His face was grim. And last of all came Badger Woman and her man and sat just within the doorway.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

fear was the shouting and waving of us frighteners, continually rising upon their either side and running after them. So on they ran, straight ahead, down into the little coulee and jumped off the cutbank into the *piskan*, we frighteners singing and yelling, hurrying thither. Oh, what a satisfying sight it was, that great *piskan* filled with buffalo, as later counted, 181 of them; our hunters on top of the *piskan*, with guns and with bows and arrows shooting them. I climbed up onto the *piskan* beside my father, reloading his flintlock gun. "Give it to me. Let me kill one!" I yelled.

"No! You are too young for that," he said. But I grasped his arm, hung onto it, pleaded hard, and at last he handed me the gun. I aimed it at a yearling close by; aimed for the ball to pierce the lungs. I pulled the trigger, and down off the *piskan* that gun kicked me flat upon my back. My father and the others near by laughed at me. I climbed back upon the *piskan* and looked down: my yearling was dead.

"Laugh, you crazy ones; I don't care. I have killed a buffalo," I yelled.

Said my father as he recovered his gun: "So you have, my son. Next time hold the gun tight against your shoulder and it will not kick you."

Men and women, boys and girls, we all worked hard the rest of that day in butchering the many buffalo, and with pack horses and travois horses getting the meat and hides across the river to camp. And then what a happy evening for us all! My father's friends were constantly coming to our lodge to smoke with him and praise him for his decoying of the herd. There was feasting and smoking and singing in nearly every lodge. Some of the warrior societies, the Crazy Dogs, Raven Carriers, Kit Foxes, and others, sang and danced. I sneaked into the lodge of the Raven Carriers society to see them dance, hear their powerful heart-stirring songs. Their leader, Eagle Head, had recently led a war party on a raid against the Crows, and they had returned with many horses and scalps. He, himself, had killed three of the Crows. He noticed me sneaking into the lodge and I thought that he would tell me to leave. But, no. He signed to me to come and sit upon his couch. I did so and he patted my shoul-

25: Ewers E,G-5 (1941-1951) 1963 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

BLACKFOOT INDIAN PIPES AND PIPEMAKING

By John C. Ewers

INTRODUCTION

The smoking of tobacco pipes played roles of importance in the religious, political, and social life of the historic Blackfoot Indians. Pipe smoking was an integral part of the involved ritual of opening sacred ceremonial bundles. It was an invariable part of the act of making peace with enemy tribes. In the early years of the fur trade Blackfoot chiefs smoked with white traders when they visited their posts before the exchange of goods began. An Indian whose word was doubted might solemnly swear by the pipe that his testimony was true. It was a common custom for a man seeking a favor of another Indian of his tribe to present him with a pipe at the time of making his request. If the pipe was accepted, he knew that his request would be acted upon favorably; if it was refused, he knew that it was denied.

Blackfoot etiquette called for the tipi owner to offer a pipe to male visitors to his lodge. However, my older informants of the 1940's stated that in their youth there were marked individual differences in the interest men took in smoking for pleasure. Some men rarely smoked except during their participation in ceremonies. Others spent a great deal of their leisure time puffing on their pipes. Most boys started to smoke when they reached their middle teens and began to join war parties. No ceremony was involved in a boy's taking his first smoke. He merely followed the actions he had so often seen his elders perform.

Strong arguments were used to discourage young men from smoking too much, as are indicated by the following Blackfoot sayings:

> A young man who smokes too much has no wind.
> If you smoke too much it will hurt your eyes.
> The man who likes to smoke too much is the man who will draw the enemy when he is on a war party. The enemy will smell the smoke and be attracted to his location. Wild game will smell the smoke and will avoid the place where he is.

Girls did not smoke. But young married women learned to smoke when they attended ceremonies with their husbands. Older women usually were the only ones of their sex who smoked for pleasure.

[P. 33]

There will be visiting back and forth and exchange of presents and probably the use of parent-child kinship terms. However, if the child should ever need another home he will remember he has other parents who will welcome him gladly. 597 574 431 601

A similar relation can be set up between adults, with gifts and visits, often prolonged, and correct terminology. A man who lived at Brockett, on the Piegan Reserve, came down to visit on the Blood Reserve. His son had died some seven years before this. When he saw a young 20 year old boy he was struck with the resemblance to his dead son. He approached the boy, kissed him and said, "Be my son." The boy made no objection and he was given a horse. The two use father-son terms to each other and the man's other children call the boy brother and seem fond of him. The boy, however, goes only occasionally to visit in Brockett, although the man wants him to go and stay up there. 597 [431] [601] [574]

A similar situation is set up when a boy dies and his parents "adopt" a special friend who is his own age. Recently an 11 year old boy died and the father started calling the latter's close friend "son" and buying him clothes, etc. At the time the little boy died the father gave his friend a horse and saddle. But the "adopted" boy does not leave his own home except for brief visits. [601] [431] [574]

The desire to replace a dead son or daughter does not always involve resemblance, especially when small babies are concerned. In these cases children are requested, often from families in no way hard pressed. Of course such a request can be, and often is, refused but there is a feeling that this is an ungracious thing to do. [626]

These adoptions, if such they can be called, on the basis of resemblance or friendship, are casual and informal. A good deal of property may change hands. For obvious reasons the flow is mainly from the older man to the younger, but the latter's parents may try to do something in return for the gifts given their son or daughter. When a real adoption occurs there is no formal ceremony.

GENERAL ASPECTS OF BLOOD ADOPTION

Children are adopted at various ages, but most of them are below a year, many only a few weeks or months old. Many others are adopted at two or three years and a few over five, one even nine years of age. But babies, many of them still at the nursing stage, are most commonly adopted. Older children are usually not adopted, although

if necessary someone is sure to look after them. 597

Boarding schools have introduced a new factor into this question of age. If separation or death of its parents occurs once the child is in school the need for a home is not so pressing, and the boy or girl can usually be accommodated with relatives for the holidays without phrasing it as an adoption. It is also possible to remain in the care of the school throughout the year. 155 597 586 768

Children in the great majority of cases go to relatives for adoption, although the relationship may be remote. These are often relatives acquired through adoption the previous generation. The families to which these children go are almost equally divided between the relatives of the mother and the father. There are instances, too, where no relatives are inwolved. In these cases the stated reasons for adopting were that they wanted children, or were sorry for some child and feared that it would not be well treated under some new conditions, such as the remarriage of the father or mother. 597

It is said that girls and boys are equally desirable, likewise the children of either strangers or relatives. Although the great majority of children taken are boys, this does not seem to me significant, for one does not hear of girl babies being passed over. It is natural that most of the children should be taken by relatives since they would be the first to hear of the need for adoption. In many cases the families would be living close together, and it would mean very little adjustment for the child to settle in a new home. In one instance a baby and its father were living with the latter's father's sister and her husband, and when the father married again he just left the child with his aunt who adopted it. [587]

Similarly, from the point of view of the foster family there is likely to be little disturbance of the household. There is constant visiting of both children and adults, and when a more permanent relationship is assumed it does not disrupt the existing conditions. 597 182 574

In the majority of cases when a child is introduced into a foster home there are no young children living there at the time. There may never have been any in that household or they may all have grown up and left. In the few instances where young children were still there, there seems to have been little disturbance. In one case a younger girl was adopted after a boy had been taken, and it was remarked that no conflict arose between them since they had previously been playmates, living near one another. I am inclined 597 593

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Berries were often prepared for winter use, especially cherries and bull berries, by drying and putting away in sacks made of young buffalo skins.

Dried cherries were also mixed with pounded meat and put away in the same manner, this preparation being regarded as a great delicacy. Stones were not removed from dried cherries, but before using they were thoroughly pounded so as to break the shell and expose the kernel.

All fruit was a luxury in the winter, used only on special occasions, and to set it before a guest was a mark of the greatest respect.

Value of the Buffalo

It may be said that in the buffalo resided the means of existence of the Blackfeet. It was invaluable to them and no part of it was without its use. They obtained powder flasks from the horns, glue from the hoofs, lodges and clothing from the skins, food from the flesh and blood, marrow-fat from the bones, while of the paunch they made vessels for carrying water. The marrow was obtained by pounding the bones, boiling them in water, and then allowing the vessel to cool, when the fat rose to the surface in a layer three or four inches thick. It was then taken off and deposited in sacks of buffalo skin. It was very palatable eaten with meat or a mixture of pounded meat and berries. It was regarded as a great delicacy and was rarely used except at feasts. The blood was highly prized as food and was prepared by boiling and adding, when practicable, a seasoning of berries or cherries, though it was often used without fruit. The Blackfeet never ate dogs, differing in this from the surrounding tribes, including the Gros Ventres, who occasionally indulged in a dog feast. Neither would they touch fish, although the streams of their country were filled with numerous fine varieties, including the grayling and trout. They also seldom ate antelope, deer, elk, bighorn, bear or beaver, preferring buffalo, with which their country especially abounded. All varieties of wild

on the opposite side 90 Lodges Blood Indians, 70 North Piegans and 20 Blackfeet and the whole Camp had appointed tomorrow as the day for breaking up Camp and moving North in search of Buffalo, as there are none here and the Indians are "starving".

The main Camp of Blood Indians—some 200 Lodges—have not been heard from since they parted from this camp at the Cypress Mountain, but are supposed to be moving towards the Three Buttes to join the Lame Bull.

In the evening I had a Council with the Indians on this side at which several chiefs from the opposite side were present. The same remarks, in substance, were made to them as to the Piegans, and in reply they expressed much pleasure at what they heard and promised to come to the Council if the Camps opposite would do so. Several invitations were given me and among others I visited the Chief Talker's Lodge, a principal Blackfoot Chief.

This Indian had a small keg of whiskey—as he styled it—which he obtained from a party of Indians who had been to the British Post, Edmonton House, to trade, and had this day returned with a supply of rum and many Indians in the camp opposite were drinking to excess. He gave me a few drops of this "whiskey" to taste, and to me it seemed like the rinsings of a barrel in which might have been rum at some very ancient date.

Returning to High Bull's Lodge, we found that he had deserted it to cross the river and get drunk.

Saturday, Sept. 8th. Borrowed a strong horse and with Mr. Bird crossed Bow river. The ford is 300 yards wide, the water very swift and so deep as to run over our saddles for some distance. As we approached the Lodges, several Chiefs met us and we accompanied the "Eagle Flag" to the lodge of the "Big Painted Lodge". These two are the leading chiefs of this camp of Blood Indians." Some thirty of the head men were already assembled and I at once laid before them the wishes of the Commis-

38: Doty G-3 (1855) 1966
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Plain without wood or water. Travelled today 12 hours and made 55 miles. 175 122

Monday, Sept. 10th. Rained all night and continues heavily this morning. We started at 4 A.M., rode fast and in 18 miles reached Belly River. Crossed and passing up, 12 miles, reached the Lame Bull's Camp, in whose hospitable lodge we were glad to take shelter from the storm. [133] 175 574 622

The Lame Bull informed me that on parting with the Blood Indian camp at Cypress Mountain, he arranged with their chiefs[19] to meet him at the "Writings", with their people and join com- 175 622 202 628

[19]*Red Deer River.*

[20]*Sarcee Indians.*

[21]*Another draft of this report identifies the chiefs as "Mr. Culbertson's Brother-in-Law and Bulls Back Fat". The first man was Seen From Afar (Peenaquim) whose sister was married to Alexander Culbertson, chief trader for the American Fur Co. at Fort Benton. Seen From Afar was leader of the Fish Eaters band and was famous as a wealthy and influential chief. He signed the 1855 treaty and died in the smallpox epidemic of 1869-70. Bull Back Fat was leader of the Buffalo Followers band and a son of a chief of the same name who had been painted by George Catlin in 1833. He was dead by 1877 but his grandson or grandnephew had inherited the name and signed Treaty No. Seven.* [127] 621 622 628

[p.25-c]

531
532

21. Eagle painted lodge in 1943.

need be. The outlining of the forms was the only part of lodge painting that required the services of the most able artist obtainable. 532

The new lodge cover was then taken down and spread out flat on the ground. The owner invited a group of people of good reputation for honesty and industry to his lodge and gave them a smoke. They proceeded to help him finish the painting. They used a buffalo tail or a handful of long buffalo hair to apply the paint to the larger masses. The paint was mixed with hot water only, and rubbed onto the cover with considerable pressure. When the painting was finished and the new lodge erected, all the ornaments that hung on the old lodge were transferred to the new one by its owner. Then he invited the owners of other painted lodges in the camp to join him inside his new lodge. There they prayed for the lodge, and finally helped the owner to make a purification sweatlodge outside. The cere-

[574] ●
[476]
[237]
[574]
[782]
[343]

[P. 26-A]

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539 matáisistsitot. A´utòsaie, ákitanis-
224 tsiuaie: A´nnik inán osíksinàni sisíkit. A´kstamasìkomonuaie. Ki omí isíststàni ki omík inánik ákitaipakstsip. Omí ináni ákitomonimaie omí isíststàni. A´kitaipakstsimaie.

Their eyes [the bulls' eyes] were dusty. They would rub the knives a little, with them they cut their backs open. They were all skinned from the back down. Then they would throw out their kidneys. And the oil and grease would gather about their navels. They would throw down the yellow back-fat and spread it out. The man would tell his wife: Take and wash the manifold. When she came back, he would say to her: That leg-bone, the oily leg-bone, just break that. It would be broken for him. And the manifold and the marrow of the leg would burst by chewing. He would roll the marrow in the manifold. He would burst it by chewing it.

[499] A´ïksistsìnotau. Aiaiákapotsiu. Sotámotapòtsiu. Sotámaχkàpiuaie omá aké. Aχkóskau. Ki omá
539 nínàua kákàupiu. Omí otoχké-
593 man iχ´pitsípìmin aíisisoaχpi. Si-
606 kánoyisoyimanàii, makáutskinai-
224 kin, sapásoyinimàn, ókoani otsítaχsiχ´p, kínnyaie nitsísoyìsoau. Otánik omí otoχkéman: Noχkátsimàt. Omaχkínaiks ánnikskaie ámiuaiks. Amóksi akéks áisksòsinu otsítnksìnamaχpuàuaists. Asótsimàni itaisínàkiauaists,
[262] ki inúiskinètsimàni, nitápskinetsimàni ki aisóisàtsis. A´nnyaie iχ´tanístsisitapìop omí otokís. Omá nínàua támatapàisaisto: A´iχ´kitsísi ítsitsinnànists, áiàkitopakìop.
539 A´mok Kináksisaχtàii ákitsikai-
224 sapistutsop. A´mistoiauk sipátsi-
574 niuà. A´kitsiitsimàup. Mátsaistò:

He had done skinning. Then he began to pack his meat [on a horse]. Then he came home with the meat. Then the woman [his wife] brought it [the horse with the meat] home [to her own parents]. He [her husband] stretched his hand out [that means: gave the meat to his parents-in-law]. And the man [the husband] just sat [inside of his lodge]. His wife came in with the son-in-law's [that means: her husband's] food. The broken boss-rib, the short rib, the gut with the blood in it, the tripe where it is good, with those [four] things he [the son-in-law] was fed [by his parents-in-law]. He was told by his wife: Give an invitation. The old men, those were the ones he

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

A´kopakìop. A´kitakàuop. Paχkâ´χkeyi ákitokèkaup. Aukékau. Aukanáipuiχ´tsii moyísts. A´ikskaniststsìau. Ki omá nínau itapíu: Annápaiinimàt. Itomátsàmiu. Támitoto einí. Itauámiaupiu. Itauákimau. Mótuiχ´tsii máksiniks. Ki áumatapiitsimàu. Istáχkaχtaiks únnikioàuaists akáutsim. 'Osákiks áitsipstsitsauànisiáu. Itauáχkyapapòtsin.

A´istamamotapìpinii itapótsopiks. Saχkínaiks otaχkóskanoàuaiks. A´istamamotapìpoχtoχpi pikíχ´kitanists ósisaksiniàu. A´istamauasokòyian áuatsimàiks. Sakiánpisi omá nínau, áistamsokanìnau: A´moχkauaistsiksìsau. Akéksáisokinvited. The women jerked the skin-meat from the skins which they would make their marks on [the skins that would be used as parfleches]. They made marks on the parfleches, and the long sacks, the real sacks, and the berry-sack. In that way we made use of the hide. The chief then again cried about the camp: When the slices of meat are dry, then we shall move. We shall move down over on Milk river [literally: Little creek]. Close by [that river] are the better buffalo. We shall skin [for lodges]. Again he cried around the camp: We shall move. We shall make a circle [to chase the buffalo]. We shall camp on Bad-water [a lake]. They camped. The lodges were all put up. Everything was quiet in the camp [literally: they — the lodges — were all quiet]. And the chief said: Now begin to catch your horses. Then they went on a hunt. Then they got to the bufffalo. They began to get on their horses. Then they chased the buffalo. The carcases were scattered all over. And they began to skin. They would take the teats of the cows with sucklings. There was foam on the back-fat from rubbing. They would go home with the carcases.

The horses that had meat on them would be taken all over [the camp]. They were what the married men presented [to their fathers-in-law]. The cooked ribs, that were all carried about, were the food given to the sons-in-law.

[Blood Reserve]

offices of a small outbuilding. "Here's that toilet, way down," Stanley informed me. 122

Next we visited Stanley's mother, a sad woman who was baby-sitting with her small granddaughter at a house not far away. It was lunchtime now, and the good woman offered us some of the food that was already on the table. Stanley does not know that I understand any Blackfoot, and as we plunged upon the banquet he informed his mother in Blood, which is very similar to Piegan, that I had in good Indian tradition offered him food upon first meeting. This simple gesture apparently had impressed him greatly. My glory was short-lived, however, because I helped myself to two of the small greasy meat patties from the large platter when obviously I was entitled to only one. This shocking evidence of gulosity did not pass unheeded by Stanley, and when he testily reported my *faux pas* to Mama, Mama nodded her head as though it figured and grunted, "*Náhpiquon!*" (White Man). These people are inclined to be quite captious toward the *Náhpiquon*, but I guess I can't blame them too much. The *Náhpiquon* has not always given them a very good deal. 122 123 [197] [574]

The rest of the meal consisted of boiled potatoes, poor bread, and thoroughly execrable coffee, and hardly had I begun unenthusiastically to munch when the man of the house drove up with another Indian man in a pick-up truck. Both men were young, overweight, hungry, and artlessly miffed that their noonday pabulum was being engorged by intruders. But Stanley's mother opened a can of Spam, and everyone got enough to eat—including, no doubt, the numerous flies which invigilated the feast. As Stanley and I left, I gave two silver dollars to the little girl. These people don't really have very much, and I had taken of their food.

On the return trip, the station wagon was sardined with Stanley's relatives, all of whom passionately solicited a ride to Cardston. We also picked up and crowded in the same two girl hitchhikers. This time they looked better, as women always do late in the day. 122

We got back to Earl's place (where Stanley lives) just before suppertime, to find the family—including Earl's little girl who like any little girl playing grown-up was smeared from ear to ear with lipstick—glued to a very snowy TV screen. A decidedly un-Indian scene, I must say.

I accepted Earl's invitation to dine, but I did not eat very much because I did not wish to break another rule. (Stanley certainly didn't spare the victuals at my table though!) In my own set I am regarded as the very fillet of propriety: with consummate poise I tuck my napkin neatly behind my ascot; unerringly I select a spoon 122 123

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were refused the comfort of entering Sun's lodge and making offerings to Those Above. Daily from lodge to lodge they begged for work and food and the privilege of sleeping near the doorway. None liked to look at them, so closely did their faces resemble the face of a human skull.55

Facial mutilation is a harsh penalty for adultery. When it is accompanied by ostracism from the community and denial of religious rights, it is brutal. Yet, it appears from Schultz that such treatment for shaming one's husband was not uncommon, and according to the illustrations in Blackfeet and Buffalo (pp. 352-353), It-si-yi-niki, the last of these cut-nosed women, died as recently as 1930. This is a definite statement of the relationship between goodness, success, and appearance. There are, however, other ways of manifesting goodness beyond the avoidance of beatings or brutality.

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In the evening I was invited to a feast given by Big Lake. Rising Wolf, was also a guest along with a number of other staid and sober men. Young men seldom feasted and smoked with their elders, and in the camp there were many coteries, or social sets, just as we find them in any civilized community, with the exception that there was no jealousy or rivalry between them; no one felt that its members were in any way better than the members of another set.56

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Equalitarian social sets associated with generous feasting were typical of the age-graded Blackfoot society of this period. Although rank and decision-making power did reside in the hands of the older and spiritually more powerful men, to some degree this was primarily a function of age and chance.

000 and chance. But there was only limited jealousy and compe-
575 tition between social sets, whereas the various age-grades
561 were as groups deemed rivals. Obviously institutionalized
[574] generosity and hospitality were important during this
period.

554 He came singing, waving his rifle; he halted and
175 said: "What happiness, this running and killing
buffalo. I killed eight. How many, you?"

"Five. We have killed too many; the meat of four will be a big load for our wagon. The rest will be wasted. I take shame for us," I said.

"Not so. We should have killed more. I forgot to tell you that I told some of our people camped back of your tradehouse to trail us and we would give them of our kills. They will be here. We should have killed more."

This made me feel better. As we were butchering one of my kills, our teamster came and got busy, and a little later a number of Eagle Head's Blackfoot friends and relatives arrived, men and women with pack horses and travois horses, fell to work--happily chattering and singing as they plied their knives. They were all old men and women, some of them widows, and sincere in their praise of us for giving them of our kills.[57]

Here we find praise associated with sharing one's bounty, and conversely shame was the result of waste. Recognition was related to economic security and to generosity, and, of course, such success in hunting as in anything else comes
782 from skill, experience, and some diligence. Schultz also
175 notes that generosity was also associated with worship,

. . . Mat-ah'-ki said: "How good was the Sun to keep us unharmed through this great danger." I am sure she voiced the sentiments of all. The next day I noticed that the trees and high bushes bordering the river were bright with the people's offerings or sacrifices to their god. They always gave of their best, their choicest and most prized ornaments and finery.[58]

was no end of the shaking of hands; after which we longed for repose, and distributed our baggage in the rooms. 648 177

AUGUST 10, 1833

Having made our arrangements on the first day of our arrival, 439 and viewed the Indian camp, with its many dogs, and old 177 dirty brown leather tents, we were invited, together with Mr. [574] Mitchell, to a feast, given by the Blackfoot chief, Mehkskehme-Sukahs (the iron shirt). We proceeded to a large circle in the [417] middle of the camp, enclosed with a kind of fence of boughs [685] of trees, which contained part of the tents, and was designed to confine the horses during the night, for the Indians are so addicted to horse-stealing that they do not trust each other. The hut of the chief was spacious; we had never before [362] seen so handsome a one; it was full fifteen paces in diameter, and was very clean and tastefully decorated. We took our [281] seats, without ceremony, on buffalo skins, spread out on the [352] left hand of the chief, round the fire, in the centre of the tent, [354] which was enclosed in a circle of stones.

Our host was a tall, robust man, who at this time had no other clothes than his breech-cloth; neither women nor children were visible. A tin dish was set before us, which contained dry grated meat, mixed with sweet berries, which we ate with our fingers, and found very palatable. After we had 431 finished, the chief ate what was left in the dish, and took out 439 of a bag a chief's scarlet uniform, with blue facings and yellow lace, which he had received from the English, six red [576] and black plumes of feathers, a dagger with its sheath, a coloured pocket-handkerchief, and two beaver skins, all which he laid before Mr. Mitchell as a present, who was obliged to accept these things whether he liked or not, thereby laying himself under the obligation of making presents in return, and especially a new uniform. When the chief began to fill his 439 pipe, made of green talc, we rose and retired (quite in the [576] Indian fashion) in silence, and without making any salutations. We crept through the small door, which was besieged [276] by numerous dogs, and stepped over the foremost, who grinned at us maliciously. Mr. Mitchell was immediately invited to three or four similar feasts, an honour which can [574] only suit an Indian stomach. [*For a portrait of Mehkskehme-Sukahs, see page 134.*]

In the afternoon the *engagés* of the fort gave us what they 000 call baptism; namely, a welcome on our happy arrival in this

[p. 101-A]

A, [See Category 622, p. 134--Analyst]